MARTINET

SPECIAL

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C.P. THE WOMANS ANGLE - SUMMARY OF RESULTS MARTINET SURVEY 1976-77-
EXTRA LONG READERS LETTER SECTION

SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

"... So I went to see Christine Le Duc ...".
"Who is she?"
"I don't know"
"But you went to see her ..."
"Yes, but she wasn't in when I phoned her, so I looked into all of her six sexshops to see if she was ..."
"... Six ...?"
"Six, blimey, five in Amsterdam and one in Arnhem, wherever that may be ..."
"Never mind"
"So behind the counter of the first shop is this friendly guy and he asks: anything in particular you're looking for, General; magazines, books, films, we've got the best stock in town. And I say: well, that's not what I'm looking for ..., but he says: do you know the one about the nun and the pig, and I say: no kidding, and he says: I'll show you, and I ... ah ... I ... I ..."
"Hello, you still with me?"
"Anyway I bought the magazine ..."
"Idiot"
"Easy, easy, you've never seen a magazine like that in your life"
"Surprise me"
"Wait a minute. This happened all the time during my search for Christine Le Duc; all those friendly guys, asking: do you know ..."
"So you ended up with five nuns and five pigs"
"No dumbo, I ended up with one nun and pig, one father and daughter, two girls having fun together, three blokes balling each other, a film about spanking and this very special thing about female bondage. As a matter of fact I didn't see anything of Amsterdam either ... went straight back to my hotel with my goodies. Really scratched me where I itched. Didn't see Christine Le Duc in person, but she was the best thing that happened to me in Amsterdam".
"Amen".

There are five Christine Le Duc sexshops in Amsterdam. And one Christine Le Duc SexCinema. Showing more variations than you think possible.

Christine Le Duc

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Spui 6 (between Kalverstraat and Rokin) tel. 020 - 24 82 65
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MARTINET
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EDITORIAL

Welcome to the second year of *Martinet*, a year that has been very pleasing for us, and for our readers, judging by the number of letters that pile into my office every week. I picked up a very old book the other week and discovered, according to the writer, that flagellation . . . the desire to beat and flog, and the use of the cane, could be described as a specifically English custom. I don't believe this to be quite true, we get many letters from other parts of the world that prove that corporal punishment, sexual spanking and the like, are practised elsewhere other than in England. Looking at the sexual side of spanking for the moment, why is it used so extensively as a form of foreplay? Great writers have given a lot of thought to the bottom. Schasler said that it had a high aesthetic significance, even in comparison with the bosom . . . it has a plastic beautiful roundness . . . the artistic sense is aroused in both sexes by the sight of the charms uncovered, and this leads to the enchantment of the sensibility of the organs of sight and touch. Painters and sculptors magnified the proportions of that part of the anatomy, one has only to look at some old paintings and sculptures to see this. In the book *Venus Schoolmistress,* written in the eighteenth century, there occurs a very remarkable account of the human posterior. The author maintains that boys up to the age of sixteen have very similar bottoms, but that afterwards they assume an 'individual' character. Some retain their childish shape, others become larger and take on a hard and rough quality. The author also maintains that men with well-developed posteriors marry earlier than others, as these Adonises exercise a great fascination upon women and surpass other men in virility! Perhaps some of our female readers can attest to this?

A further attraction for spanking sexually, is provided by the movements and twitchings which affect the parts during spanking, and which may be regarded as the simulation of certain movements during sexual intercourse. Spanking plays a great part as a simple preliminary to intercourse, and most of its devotees are of the opinion that spanking, if it has any value at all, should only be a preparatory act, an incentive to higher pleasure, a means to an end, not the end itself. As an erotic stimulant it may be observed that considering the many intimate and sympathetic relations existing between the nervous branches of the extremity of the spinal marrow, it is impossible to doubt that spanking exercised on the buttocks has a powerful effect upon the sexual organs.

I have dwelt more on the sexual side of spanking this time because it is an important part of many couples' sexual life. Kept within bounds there is nothing perverted about it, as long, as I mentioned earlier, as it is a means to an end, not the end itself. Please keep your letters rolling in, we are interested in all aspects of corporal punishment and spanking for pleasure. Your views and your experiences are more than welcome.

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REFORM SCHOOL MATRON

Photo Fantasy

The other day I was doing my Spring cleaning and sorting out my blanket chest when I came across something I had long since forgotten. I held it in my hands, stroked it, and the memories came flooding back to me. Just after the Second World War I became the matron of a Girl's Reform School, and the cane I was so lovingly stroking had tanned many a youthful bottom. I was thirty five when I took the position, and far fitter than I am now! The previous matron had been very lax, and consequently displine was poor. The girls were unruly, cheeky, and very disobedient. Bullying was rife, and it seemed to me that the girls ran the reformatory, not the staff.

I, myself, had been strictly brought up, my father having Victorian ideas about punishment, not for him sending me to bed early. When I was disobedient I was thrashed very soudly with a cane, the cane I now held in my hand, the cane that 'caressed' so many backsides in that Reform School. The vine is still supple and shiny, and when it swishes through the air it makes a delightful sound, but when it lands on a white quivering posterior . . . ah that cannot be described. The thwack of a strap is feeble by comparison, the palm of the hand is but a tickle compared to a cane. I have watched hundreds of bottoms change colour from white, to pink, to bright red. When I resigned my position at the Reformatory, to get married, discipline was good, disobedient girls were rare . . . but of course the new girls had to learn, and I soon taught them!

I spent my first week going through the case histories of the girls. The majority of them were there because of stealing, thuggery . . . yes, young people in those days were quite capable of unruly behaviour. A number of the girls had been sent to the school because they had been immoral and beyond parental control, whatever that meant. One afternoon I was gazing from my window and I saw two of the older girls pushing a younger girl around, and not just tapping her, they were actually bullying her. One of the mistresses was making a vain attempt to stop the bullying, but her attitude was all wrong, and the moment she turned her back it started again. I stood it for as long as I could then opened the window, calling down to the mistress to send the two girls along to my study.

Five minutes later they arrived!

They stood before my desk, insolent expressions on their faces, one of them, Rose I believe her name was, chewing gum. I told her to remove it, she did, spitting it clear across the room. I realised then I had a rebel on my hands, and the only way to deal with a girl rebel is to teach her a painful lesson, a lesson she will not forget and will talk about to her friends. I got up from my desk and went to face the two girls.

'Why were you bullying that girl?' I demanded to know.

Rose sneered. 'She is a cow Matron, a dirty cow who wears dirty knickers.'

'No girl in here wears dirty knickers, and you know it!' I snapped. 'And stand to attention.'

'This isn't a bloody army camp,' muttered Rose.

I slapped her across the face, and that jerked her up to attention.

'You will do everything I command,' I hissed, very annoyed with her. The other girl just stood there, not speaking. 'You,' I said to her, 'will report to the games mistress at once. I will inform her what to do with you.'

'And what about me?' asked Rose, a snear in her voice.

'You young lady will be dealt with by me.'

The other girl left my study without a word. I picked up the intertelephone and instructed the games mistress to make the girl skip on the spot for ten minutes.

I looked at the spot on the carpet where the chewing gum had landed.

'Rose, pick up that filthy stuff and deposit it in the wastepaper basket.'

'I won't,' she said, sullenly. 'Pick it up yourself you silly old cow.'

One thing I will not tolerate is bad language, even today, when I hear my husband use it I get very annoyed, and in those days I was certainly not going to accept it from a girl.

'Before you have left this study Rose, you will have picked up the gum.'

I opened the desk drawer and took out my cane, tapping it gently on my hand.

'The extent of your punishment will depend largely on how soon you do pick it up.'

She sneared again at me. 'You'll not hurt me Matron, my dad was always clouting me.'

I made a sudden grab at her, pulled her towards me and tucked her head under my arm, then I pulled up her dress bearing her black issue knickers. I brought the cane down hard on her backside, and her only reaction was to jerk slightly. I hit her again, harder, and her body jerked a little more. I dragged her to a chair, sat down, and pulled the insolent girl across my lap and again brought the cane down but the only sound she made was the occasional gasp. Obviously I wasn't hurting her enough! I wrenched down her knickers until they were just below her knees. The cane on her bare bottom would teacher her a lesson. I thwacked her as hard as I could, feeling a sense of satisfaction when I saw the dull red mark appear on her flesh. She yelped then and tried to wriggle away, but I was a strong woman and I had a firm grip on her. I thrashed her six times on her bare posterior until it was red, and sore.

'Are you going to pick up the gum?' I asked.

'No, you cow!' she hissed.

So I really whaled into her, the study resounding with the cracks of the cane on her bottom. She kicked, she wriggled, but she could not

escape the punishment I was inflicting. Six more times the cane came down, and she was sobbing uncontrollably.

'Are you going to pick up the gum!'

She choked on her reply. 'Yes . . . yes Matron.'

I released and she got painfully up, her hand rubbing her sore bottom. 'Pick it up,' I said, quietly.

She stared at me for a moment, a glint of defiance in her eyes. I brought my hand up, holding the cane. She looked at it, went across the room and picked up the gum, depositing it in the wastepaper basket.

'If you had done that straight away Rose, you would have saved six strokes of the cane. Now pull your knickers up and leave. If I see or hear about bullying again, I will give you another thrashing. Pass the word among the girls that I will not tolerate bullying here. Understood-'

'Yes Matron,' she muttered, straightening her clothes.

I had used the cane for the first time in the school, and although I did hope I wouldn't have to use it very often, it took some time before I restored some semblance of discipline. Rose was my most difficult case, she automatically rebelled against any form of authority, and at least once a month I had her in my study and used the cane on her bare bottom. I was determined she would not stop me, I was Matron, and if only one girl undermined my authority I was finished.

We had a new arrival after I had been at the school a few months, a girl aged seventeen, a madam in every sense of the word. She swaggered into my study like a whore going into a bar crowded with service men. She had been picked up a number of times for soliciting American soldiers, and her confidential report suggested that she was over-sexed. I told her the rules of the establishment, but she wasn't taking a lot of notice, gazing anywhere but at me. I could see I was going to have a lot of trouble with Loretta! Three days later I did.

The girls slept in dormatories, and one of the things we have to be on our guard against is homosexuality. It was brought to my notice that Loretta had entered the bed of a younger girl.

I had Loretta brought to my study. I was so cross with the girl that I knew I was going to punish her most severely, I told her to lift up her dress and the sight of her knickers inflamed me even more. They were French knickers, not allowed in the school.

'Where did you get those?' I asked.

'My mum brought them yester-

day,' she said. 'I like Frenchies.'

I brought the cane down hard across the silk covered bottom and she cried out. I pulled the offending knickers down over the cheeks of her plump white bottom and examined the area first. She was well made, firm thighs, and it was no wonder she was promiscuous, her body would be a temptation to any lustful man. I thwacked her across the cheeks, smiling when I saw the muscles tighten on the backs of her thighs. Her hands gripped the desk as I brought the cane down again. The sound was very satisfying to me, each whack echoing around the study, driving into her the folly of her wanton ways. I finished up taking the girl across my knee and spanking her severely until her bottom was pink, and the backs of her thighs glowed. In the future she wouldn't be all that keen on getting into bed with another girl, she would be too sore. I smacked her bottom with my hand a few more times for good measure, then released her. There were tears in her eyes.

'I hope you enjoyed that Matron, she sobbed.

'I did not enjoy it Loretta, it was something you thoroughly deserved.'

'Of course you enjoyed it,' she said, defiantly. 'You were looking

at my bare bottom, you never see a man, so you must have liked my bottom.'

She still had her dress high so I brought the cane swishing through the air, catching her smartly on the side of her thighs. She put her hands down and touched the place gently.

'I've heard about women like you,' she muttered. 'You enjoy using that cane.'

And now I had the cane once again in my hands, and the pictures that flooded my mind were pin-point clear. It seemed like only yesterday I had thrashed Rose so soundly, and Loretta, well I still knew Loretta. Her stay at the Re-formatory cured her, and I like to think my cane contributed towards it. She had two grown up children now, and fast approaching fifty. The next time I visit her I must take the cane along with me, who knows, she may still be in need of punishment, in a mild way of course. And think of the memories it will bring back!

A Victorian Morality Story in Doggerel

By Christopher James

'Jenny, come here!' the headmistress said,
And I had to obey though my feet were like lead;
How my poor heart did thump, I was shaky with fear,
How I dreaded the rod that would fall on my rear!
'How many times, girl, must you be told?'
Miss Andrews was angry, her eyes, oh, so cold;
I started at her, frightened, her face was so stern,
And I thought, stupid Jenny, oh, why don't you learn?

Our mistress quite often thought caning ungainful, ...
And she sometimes took care not to make it too painful;
Just a stroke on the hand, or perhaps two, for some,
Or for bad misbehaviour, on a girl's knickered bum.
But sometimes — not often — she'd really get mad
And then her correction could be very bad;
Now my beating, I knew, would quite special, be,
And I thought and I wondered what she'd do to me.

'Jenny,' she said, 'you're a cheat, and you lie,
You are full of deceit, and you're crafty and sly
And now you're caught stealing! I'll teach you, my girl!'
I could only stare dumbly, my mind in a whirl.
'Oh, please, Miss,' I begged her, 'I'm sorry, I swear!
I won't steal again, I just never would dare!'
'Don't you argue with me, miss — just bring me my cane,
It's the big one I want.' Oh, her meaning was plain.

Our headmistress had two canes and one was quite thin,
She kept it for use on young girls' tender skin;
The other was longer and supple and thick,
Kept for serious thrashings; it made me feel sick.
For big girls' posteriors the big stick she'd keep,
and that weapon used hard would make any girl weep;
Now I was a senior and large for my years
And to be whipped with that would produce many tears.

'I want two big strong girls,' said the mistress. Oh, dear!
'Freda and Sally, you two come out here.'
Those two hefty maidens, they jumped to obey
For they knew that Miss Andrews would brook no delay.
'Take this girl to the toilet,' I then heard her say,
And that, to ensure I did not run away;
Now, before severe caning that's quite a good rule,
If a girl wets her knicks it's not nice for the school.

'Come on, theif!' said big Freda, 'You'd best have your pee!'
Oh, I knew that those bitches, they both hated me.
I could never get on with the girls in the class,
And they'd all enjoy seeing me get a sore arse.
Deceitful and sly, she had said, and it's true,
I lie and I cheat, just as all the school knew;
Prisoner and escort, to the toilet we went
And now, much too late, I wished I could repent.

Back in class the headmistress stood, flexing her stick,
And pliant though it was, it was wickedly thick;
'Now, young madam, your lying and thieving you'll rue —
I am going to make an example of you!;'
Miss Andrews' next words were a shock, and I blenched,
As shocked as if icy-cold water had drenched!
Take off my knickers? Impossible, quite —
I would not make myself so immodest a sight!

Then to the whole class teacher said, speaking slow:
'I want every girl present to watch and to know
Just what sort of bad whipping a girl will receive
In this school, if she wishes to cheat and deceive.'
'Please, Miss Andrews,' I said, 'you can't make me do this.'
Said that woman, so grimly: 'You dare say so, miss?
You'll do what I tell you — at once, girl! You hear?
Now take off your knickers, uncover your rear.'

'But, please, Miss, you never . . . As I'm quite aware
I never have seen you chastise a girl, bare;
To have to undress, will it not shame me, quite?
I will not obey, it is simply not right.'
'You will not obey! Now I warn you, my child,
I'll not be disobeyed!' She was getting quite riled;
'You defiant young madam, for a flogging you're due,
I have said I will make an example of you.'

May the Lord give me strength! So I mentally prayed;
My most intimate charms, must they all be displayed?
Must I take off my knickers in spite of my size?
And my white behind reddened in front of all eyes!
I cannot deny it, deceitful am I,
I lie and I cheat and I steal and I'm sly;
But still I insist that, no matter how bad,
Feminine modesty always I've had.

'I know that a bad wicked girl I have been,
But, Miss Andrews, consider, I'm well turned sixteen;
I admit I'm a thief and I must suffer pain,
But I'm nearly grown up, can't I modest, remain?'
'That's enough!' then said Sally, and those two females
Bent me over the table, in spite of my wails;
'No, wait!' cried the mistress, 'Please let the girl be,
I've a word now, to say, and perhaps we shall see.

Now listen well, Jenny. In view of your age
You may keep on your knickers, if you will engage
To take one dozen strokes, just as brave as you can,
Instead of nine, naked, as had been my plan.'
And then something happened! I could not but notice,
'Twas something within me, a metamorphosis;
Why did all the girls hate me? Must I have no friends?
Oh, Jenny, bad Jenny, you must make amends.

That long whippy stick — how I hated the thing!
It cuts a soft rump with a sickening sting;
I thought of its swish, and so frightened was I
That I shook and I trembled, and wished I could die.
But, thought I, now, Jenny, take hold of yourself,
Did I want to go through life ashamed of myself?
If a bad lot I am, as so many girls say,
Then now was the chance to start changing my way.

'If you please, Miss,' I said, 'I have made a decision,
Your caning I'll take but I want no remission;
On my naked behind, all the twelve, please, inflict
And I beg you, Miss Andrews, no force do restrict!'
I saw her eye kindle, she asked, was I sure?
'Upon your bare buttocks, another three more?''
I told her I hope that through pain I'd redeem
My young girlish honour — though perhaps 'twas a dream.

'I think that I know what you have in your mind,
And through punishment there can be hope, you may find;
Yes, I'll give you a dozen strokes, on your seat, bared.'
Oh, my God! How I quaked! I was never so scared!
With shivering dread was my body devoured,
I know I'm a horrible snivelling coward;
I took off my pants, and bent over the table,
Determined to take it as best I was able.

THWACK! It cut through my flesh, very like red-hot wire,
Through my round buxom cheeks — oh, the pain was like fire!
It caught at my breath, though I wanted to squeal,
And I tried to imagine the crimsoning weal.
How do you describe the sting of a cane?
It was cutting and burning again and again!
I could hear the awed gasps from all the girls there,
At each wicked slash crossing my hindquarters, bare.

How can I describe the sting of that cane?
I held tight to the table, and sobbed with the pain;
'Twas a SWISH! and a CRACK! and a sharp burning stab
Cutting through my backside with a sickening jab.
I cannot describe the sting of the cane,
Nor the anguish that well nearly sent me insane!
I just couldn't bear it! I sobbed and I heaved
And I wished, every moment, I'd never deceived.

Oh, 'tis terrible anguish, the sting of a cane,
And I swore that I hadn't been beaten in vain;
As I plunged and I kicked, held so fast by two girls,
I displayed to the class all my so private curls.
That was humiliation, I knew every eye
Could see right up my buttocks, between each plump thigh;
SWISH! went the rod, and — THWACK! it did cut;
And I heard Freda whisper 'You poor little slut!'

I squealed and I squirmed and I screamed very loud,
For my lungs — like the rest of me — were well endowed.
And Freda and Sally, 'twas all they could do
To keep bending me over, I swear this is true.
For they had to hold me, my backside well curved
So Miss Andrews could give me just what I deserved;
And when it was over I dropped to the floor
And lay sobbing, and swearing — I'll never steal, more!

I got to my feet; how my bottom was burning!
Miss gave me a hanky; oh, my poor heart was yearning
For forgiveness from teachers and pupils alike;
They had seen my repentence, could they change their dislike?
Then the mistress did hug me, my heart swelled with pride
When she said 'Now, girls, listen, let no-one deride
This child I have beaten; atonement, she's made,
And for her misdeed I am sure she has paid.

'And,' she added quite sternly, 'now, girls, mark me well
For I want you to know I am proud of this girl;
To prove to us all that she's full repented
She asked to be caned more severe than intended.
In that class there was silence, the girls so impressed,
Though some were in tear, by my suffering distressed;
How I hope they will all offer tolerant reception
To help me complete my so painful redemption.

Ah, my bottom was burning! I hardly could bear it,
'Twas as though with hot irons the word
THIEF had been branded;
Had I wanted to suffer such humiliation?
I had never the courage! I'd no explanation.
And then I remembered, divine help I'd prayed;
Was that, then, the answer — my outlook re-made?
Miss Andrews' warm eyes did my feelings enhance;
Well, whatever it was, I now had a fresh chance.
(Interval for discreet tears.)

The Woman's Angle

Although the bulk of Martinet's correspondence is from our male readers, we also receive several interesting letters and telephone calls from their wives or from the women who read our magazine. It is obviously impossible for us to include most of these in our Readers' Letters page. Nevertheless, many of these do, we feel, merit publication, either because they are unusual, or because they give us a first hand account of the woman's view of Corporal Punishment. A letter we received from a girl called Joanna is a good example of the type of material we get from many of our readers. She admits to thoroughly enjoying a good spanking but, she says, would scream in fright if anyone as much as showed her a cane.

'I first saw a copy of Martinet completely by chance. I work in a library and someone had left your second issue on one of the tables. I took it home with me that night and read it from cover to cover. Of course, by the time I had read it I had become sexually aroused. I used to fantasise a lot about being spanked and, while I was at work during the day, I used to imagine various of the men who came in to borrow books putting me over their knees and giving me a sound spanking. However, I am rather shy and never dared to approach anyone, let alone mention the subject to my own boyfriend, Derek. I have always preferred older men and Derek, who is nearly forty, would have been ideal for the task of spanking me! Even so, he had no idea about my fantasies and I just used to buy Martinet and console my unchastised bottom with the pleasures from its pages. I was absolutely delighted when its sister magazine, Obey, came out, and now I read that too. I keep my copies of both publications under my bed and re-read them just before I go to sleep.

'One evening Derek brought me back to my bed-sit after a visit to the Aldwych. Almost instantly he caught sight of some of the magazines sticking out from under the bed. Instead of being delighted at the easy introduction to the subject I was acutely embarrassed, but before I had even muttered some sort of excuse about them he had turned sternly towards me.

'Joanna, you should be ashamed of yourself. Come here at once.'

'I think I must have been bright red from my neck to my ears but, almost unaware of what I was doing I faltered guiltily forward. I was in a daze as he turned me up over his knee, carefully pulled up my long dress and placed it neatly over my shoulders. In spite of my arousal I was terrified! I had never been spanked before, let alone permitted anyone to see my bottom and I was intensely aware that, in reality, the experience could be quite horrible.

'I sobbed in embarrassment and protestation as he ceremoniously pulled down my knickers and stared for a moment at my quivering, naked cheeks. Finally he brought his hand down several times on my plump bottom. I screamed in fright at the stinging sensation but in spite of my terrified struggles he didn't release me until the whole surface of my bottom was a burning crimson.

'He tucked my sobbing figure up in bed and left, promising to return for another session the following day. Gradually, a pleasurable warmth seeped through me and I masturbated as I have never done before. He did return the following day, and the next until we were eventually married. Even now the spankings haven't stopped but each time I still endure that old feeling of suspense and humiliation as he slowly lowers my knickers.'

Other ladies from whom we receive letters have bared their bottoms for sterner stuff. One of these, although a long one, is particularly interesting because it demonstrates the circle of the spanked child recognising the benefit she herself received from C.P. and consequently applying herself to her children in the same or a similar fashion. It also touches on the forms of discipline used in convent schools, giving the reader a real insight into what actually happens as opposed to the rather garbled and fictional accounts of the subject which often appear in other spanking publications.

'I was born in Belfast and spent nearly all of my youth there before I went to a big London teaching hospital to train as a nurse. As a child I was a pupil at one of the local convent schools (there were many in that area but I don't think that mine was by any means the strictest). It was basically a nice school with kind but stern nuns though the Mother Superior was very severe indeed and those of us who had never been punished by her were a bit in awe of her and anyone who had been sent to her was scared to death of her. Even so, although I was punished by her on many occasions, I can still see that she was basically a kindly lady.

'When I was thirteen I was very naughty and was sent to her for punishment. She gave me a long lecture, placed me across her knee and pulled my knickers right down. It was very embarrassing but worse was to come. She then administered a very thorough and painful spanking. I was crying after the first couple of smacks and my poor little bottom was stinging like mad — but it was nothing to be ashamed of because a spanking from her reduced even the older girls to tears.

'We lived very close to the convent in a large and beautiful house. My father was away quite a lot on business so I used to play up more than most of the other kids. I seemed to be almost perpetually in trouble with my mother for climbing walls and getting my uniform dirty but, on the whole, life at that time went fairly well. Even when my mother got exasperated and spanked me it was not too bad. She often used to do it in front of the children next door as their parents did to them in front of me. (In fact, seeing someone being spanked was a common sight — it wasn't the clandestine affair it is to-day.) But a spanking never had much effect on me. After that horrible spanking from Mother Superior, being spanked by my mother, with my dark green school knickers kept on, was quite a laugh. I used to pretend that it hurt but the kids next door were much worse off because their father used a cane on them.

'One day in the holidays (I was fourteen at the time) I went too far and repeatedly annoyed and frustrated my mother. That did it. In fury she seized me by my wrists and marched me next door to Mr. Carey's. She told him how naughty I'd been and, since my father was away on business and she had been unable to deal with me herself, asked him if he would cane me. Without any hesitation he agreed and commented that he had noticed how much more badly behaved I was than his own children.

'I was given a long lecture and then he ordered me to remove my skirt and knickers. I was too scared to refuse but I was very embarrassed because a man had never seen me like that before. He went over to his desk and took out a long thin cane with a curved handle. It was no thicker than a biro. He waved it in front of my face for a few minutes, telling me that I should have had a dose of the cane years ago, and finally placed me over a very high oak table. I held onto the far side with my hands but, try as I might, I couldn't make my legs touch the floor so I virtually hung there waiting for the caning to commence. I remember trembling in terror as he swished the cane experimentally through the air a few times.

'Then he cracked that cane onto my bare bottom six hard times. I kicked and wriggled, howling for mercy, but each time I did so he waited for me to stop before giving me the next stroke. Shrieks of agony had no effect: my mother calmly held me down and the cane continued cutting cruelly into me. The The marks, thin weals, covered the whole of my bottom down to the tops of my thighs. When he eventually stopped I just let go of the table, slid stiffly onto the floor and lay there crying my eyes out. I was made to stand up and face the wall, still howling and rubbing my stinging bottom.

'Even my mother ignored my plight. The two of them sat and had a long chat. Finally, I stopped crying, except for the odd loud sob, and Mr. Carey called me over to where they were sitting. I stood in front of them with my vest and jumper tucked up — I didn't dare pull them down — and my hands on my burning cheeks. I stared sullenly at the floor but earned a sharp rebuke for my ill manners and was forced to face them.

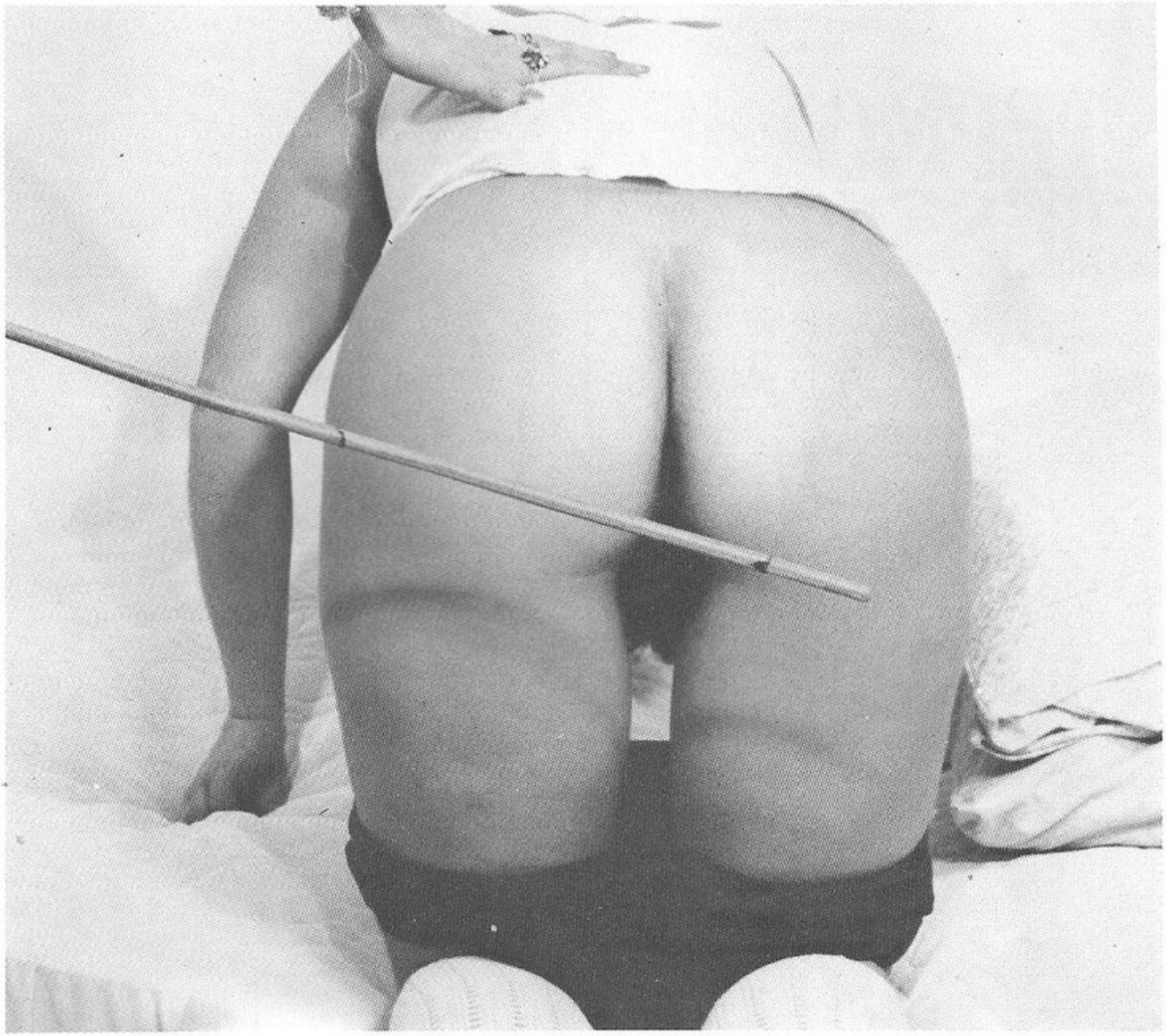
'Bridget,' said Mr. Carey, 'your kind mother tells me that you are extremely troublesome at home and that you are constantly rude and disobedient. She has begged me to do the best I can to help you grow up into respectable and well-bred member of society. I shall naturally do as she wishes. From now on, until we see a marked improvement in your behaviour, your mother will inform me each time you do wrong and I intend to punish you.'

'I began crying again at this. I knew that I could never be so good as to escape punishment completely. After he had finished speaking Mother picked up my skirt and knickers and marched me, still half bare, back next door. Naturally, I didn't escape the cane for long and was, for the next few years, punished regularly by Mr. Carey.

'That was the way I was disciplined as a child. I am now happily married. Our two young girls are just as naughty as I was and now get the same treatment as I got; but not quite so harshly. It doesn't matter if anyone is visiting at the time. If they are naughty it's knickers off, just as I used to have to do, and a sound spanking in front of whatever guests, even if it's a friend of theirs, who may be present. They must learn!'

There are, of course, a number of dominant ladies who prefer to do any necessary spanking themselves. We receive many letters from them, and the letter which we print here is especially interesting because of the sense of outrage the writer feels at any woman who permits herself to be spanked. The tone of the letter made us feel that, if we met the lady in question, our trousers would be taken down immediately and we would be on the receiving end of a severe beating. Consequently, out of defence to its lady writer, we print the letter in full.

As a dominant lady, and proud of it, I was horrified to learn that a mere male aquaintance of my husband smugly stated that he has very firm control of three female bottoms; those of his wife and two daughters. What kind of women and girls are they to allow a helpless member of the male species (whose only useful contribution to life is that of a LITTLE assistance in the reproduction of the human race) to bare and spank their bottoms at will? His wife must indeed be a



weak woman to permit a useless male to take such possession of her. But his daughters! Well, in these liberated days one would have thought that they would know better! Surely these females weak willed as they clearly are, could overpower him and give him a taste of his own discipline. I am afraid that next time I meet this male (he comes sometimes to take my husband for walks) he will, in a very short time, find out that I am boss and that his bottom will accordingly be disciplined by me as are those of my husband and sons. I shall also try to ensure that the three silly girls, who foolishly permitted him to take such liberties with the superior sex, receive a course of spanking lessons!'

We're not quite sure that we are in complete agreement with this lady but, in the nicest possible terms, we request that she confines her spanking activities to those members of the male sex who enjoy it! Our final letter is concerned with the quite different subject of school discipline. It is from a woman who would clearly like to see the two basic categories of punishment more clearly divided.

'I'm thankful to see that Martinet has helped clear up some of the confusion about the fallacy relating to children enjoying corporal punishment. Firstly, let me make it quite clear that I have no objection to couples spanking each other for sexual pleasure. However, these days one so often sees stories or articles which concern young girls who actually enjoy the chastisement they are given! Although it is indisputable that this does, sometimes, happen, I am being perfectly accurate in stating that this is very rarely the case.

'During my years as a school mistress at a private boarding school I caned and spanked many hundreds of girls, both knickered and bare. Of these (and their ages ranged from 11 to the sexually aware eighteen year olds), I have only met one girl who actually admitted to enjoying it. Never have I seen signs in any of the other pupils which indicate that they actually derive pleasure from the experience. In fact, from their struggles, tears and reluctant to return for another dose, the opposite is quite evidently the case. And this is as it should be! Punishment is intended to hurt. There should be no sexual rompings in the class room; correction should be fair and straightforward but painful. This is the only way in which we can produce girls who know how to behave properly. Include the sexual spankings by all means; but the humiliation and pain, which are unique to classroom discipline, should be accurately reproduced.'

A STEPMOTHER'S BLESSING

Photo Fantasy

When a man has a teen-aged daughter, and decides to marry again, all sorts of problems arise. Of course in a lot of cases the step-mother and daughter hit it off from the start, but unfortunately in some cases they do not. One or the other is jealous. The new wife of her step-daughter's influence, and the step-daughter can resent this 'intruder' into the family home. Often the youngster will lie and cheat in order to discredit her step-mother, causing ill-feeling and considerable distress to everyone concerned. This was the case in the following story . . .

I stared in amazement at Dick, my husband. 'Me!' I exclaimed, 'Going with Charlie Yorath when you are on nights! Really Dick, wherever did you get such a tale from? Charlie Yorath indeed!'

'He always fancied you Sandra, you know that. Carol says that when she was coming home, down the road the other night, she saw him leaving here . . . it was turned eleven o'clock. What would he be doing here until that time?'

The whole thing was so silly it took my breath away. 'Carol did not see anyone leaving this house the other night, or any night for that matter. On Tuesday night, when Carol arrived home so late, I was here with my sister, Josie. You can ring her up and find out. She stayed the night and didn't leave until just before you arrived home from work.'

'Then why should Carol say such a thing Sandra?'

'Because I told her off for being late, that's why!' I snorted.

'I am sorry Dick, but she has been getting awful lately, she won't help around the house, leaves her dirty clothes in a heap on the bathroom floor, and is cheeky and insolent. It makes it very awkward for me, I'm not her mother, if I was, I'd thrash her! What else has she been saying about me?'

Dick coloured and picked up the paper.

'Come on Dick, let's be knowing what I'm up against.'

He sighed heavily. 'Charlie isn't the only one from all accounts,' he said. 'You go out most evenings, not coming home until very late and smelling of drink. Sometimes men bring you home in a car, and she has seen you, from the window, kissing and cuddling.'

I was speechless, ever since I had married Dick, just over a year ago, I had behaved myself perfectly. The only time I went out was to Bingo, and I was always back for ten thirty. As for drink! Well, I hardly touched the stuff, I hate beer and I can't afford spirits.

'You know how forward young girls are, Sandra, they know everything these days. She says that your bag was open yesterday and she found a packet of condoms in it! I made light of the matter and said they must have been for me.'

'What did she say?' I asked, quietly, but inside I was seething.

'She just snorted and said we were filthy, and marched to her room. I want to believe you Sandra, but why should she say these things?'

'Because, for some reason or other she resents me! How long is it since you tanned her backside?'

'I have never done anything like that, her mother did all the punishment, I don't think a man should spank a girl, especially when she is as old as Carol. It isn't right.'

'She is in need of some sort of punishment,' I muttered. 'Can't you see what she is trying to do Dick? Break us up. If she tells these lies to her school friends, and they repeat them, God knows what sort of reputation I will have. People always believe the worst!'

'Right, then you will have to punish her,' said Dick. 'You have my permission Sandra, do what you like, only stop these tales, for my sake. Imagine the men at work, thinking that I married a woman who goes with other men when I'm on the night-shift.'

I put my hand on his leg and gave him a kiss. 'I don't want another man dearling, I have plenty of sex from you!'

A movement made me turn around. Carol was standing at the door, a look of disgust in her eyes. 'Huh!' was all she said, then she went upstairs.

'Never mind her,' muttered Dick, putting his arm around my shoulder. 'You're my wife now, and I love

you. Let's go to bed and I'll prove my love.'

The following week Dick was on nights again. He had promised to tell me if Carol said anything wrong about me. Sure enough, on Thursday morning he climed into our warm bed and put his arm around me. 'Who was that man who stayed in bed with you until two?'

I could tell by the tone of his voice he wasn't annoyed, Carol had been lying again. After we had made love I went downstairs to prepare breakfast. Carol was in the kitchen making herself some toast.

'Good morning,' I said, brightly.

She didn't answer, just snorted and carried on with the toast. 'I didn't realise you had seen Charlie the other night,' I murmured.

Her head whipped round and she gasped. 'Charlie?'

'Didn't he stay until two in the morning Carol, in my bed? O dear, I must have been mistaken. Your dad says you haven't to go out tonight.'

She raced upstairs and I could hear her talking to Dick. When she came downstairs she looked very subdued, and didn't speak a word as she slammed out of the house.

'What are you going to do?' asked Dick, when I handed him a cup of tea.

'I'm going to punish her Dick. Tonight she will be taught a lesson.'

He smiled thoughtfully. 'As long as I'm out,' he murmured. 'Do what you like with her Sandra.'

During the day I went to Carol's school and had a word with her headmistress, confiding in her all that had happened.

'Carol is a difficult girl,' she said. 'I have heard these rumours myself, and I am very sorry. Really it is your responsibility to put a stop to them.' She opened a cupboard door and handed me a thin swishy cane. 'Take this Mrs. Wood, the authorities frown on us using them on our pupils, but I think a good caning is what Carol needs. Words don't seem to have much effect on the child, perhaps a good tanning on her bottom will. I advise you to do it soon before her malicious lies do any great and lasting harm.'

She wrapped the cane up for me, I would have felt a fool carrying it back home as it was!

Carol was a little late coming home from school, and that didn't please me. I wasn't looking forward to punishing the girl, and the longer it was being put off the worse I felt! I made her scrambled egg-on-toast for her tea, and then madam ummed and ahhed her way all through it. When she had finished she said.

'I'm going round to Susan's now.'

'Oh no you're not Carol,' I said. 'You and I are going to have a talk.'

'I have nothing to say to you Sandra,' she snorted.

'Go to your room, I have a lot to say to you!'

She stared at me for a while, and it must have been the look on my face that convinced the girl I meant it. Without another word she rose from the table and trotted upstairs. I unwrapped the cane, a thrill going through my body. I had never beaten anyone in my life before. How hard should I cane her, or would I cane her hard enough?

I walked slowly up the stairs and into Carol's bedroom. She was seated on the bed reading a magazine, she didn't even glance up as I entered.

'First of all Carol, is there any reason why you should tell lies about me?'

'I don't tell lies,' she muttered.

'That is a lie for a start,' I said, talking more calmly than I felt. 'You have been telling your father, and God knows who else, that I have been having men back here while your father is at work. The latest being that Cahrlie shared a bed with me. Those are malicious lies Carol, and can cause a lot of damage.'

'I don't care,' she said. 'You only married dad because of his money and a ready-made home!'

I closed my eyes for a second, then. 'I married your father because I love him. I do all I can for you Carol, and you seem to hate me.'

'I do hate you!' she snapped. 'I've heard about you, and what you used to be like before you met dad, going out with any man. You had no right to marry my dad, you're . . . you're . . . dirty!' Then she saw the cane in my hand. 'What do you think you are going to do with that?'

I tapped my fingers with it. 'Something that needs to be done Carol. I'm going to cane you, you should have been caned a long time ago. I have gone out of my way to be kind to you my girl, and I have put up with your ways for long enough. If words will not do, maybe a good thrashing will.'

She stared at me defiantly. 'No chance!' she snapped. 'You touch me with that thing and I will tell my dad.'

I sat on the edge of the bed by her side. 'Your father is aware that I am going to punish you, and he has given his full consent.' I grabbed her so suddenly that she was taken by surprise, and pulled her across my knee, holding her firmly with one hand. Her skirt had ridden up slightly and I could see the tops of her thighs. Wrenching up her skirt higher I uncovered her knicker-clad bottom. I hesitated for a moment, Carol wasn't exactly a baby, she had the figure of a young woman, her legs shapely, her bottom round. Still, she had to be punished!

I brought the cane down smartly on her backside, and she yowled in pain as the stick cut into her knickers. The language she came out with did not befit a young lady, so I told her so, and caned her again, on the same place. I gave her three strokes in all then released her.

'Maybe that will teach you a lesson,' I said, severely.

She rubbed her bottom and glared at me. 'You bitch!' she hissed, 'you horrible dirty bitch! I'm going to tell everyone about you now, I'll teach you to cane me, I'm not a child. I'll tell my dad about you and Charlie. He'll believe me, he always does!'

I gave the girl a push and she sprawled face down on the bed.

'Will you indeed!' I snapped, my blood boiling. I pulled her knickers down over her hips, baring her white bottom. No longer did I wonder whether I was doing the right thing or not, I knew what I was doing. I kneeled on her back, holding her down firmly, and caned her bottom very hard, getting enormous satisfaction from seeing it turn a dull red. After three more strokes she gave up yelping, and just sobbed, her body jerking up and down on the edge of the bed as she tried to rub away the stinging pain in her bottom. When I had finished caning her I began to spank the sore bottom loudly, making each smack count. In the end it was only my own weariness that stopped me proceeding further.

'There,' I panted, 'perhaps now you will learn the error of your ways.' And I left the sobbing girl on the bed, going downstairs to make a cup of tea.

For the next few days Carol gave me a wide berth. Everytime she sat down, she winced, and frankly I began to feel a little sorry for her, maybe my punishment had been too severe. Of course I told Dick what I had done, and he fully approved of the way I had punished his daughter.

'She asked for it Sandra,' he said, before retiring behind the evening paper. 'Maybe she will stop lying.'

But no she didn't! A few days later I was stopped in the street by a neighbour.

'Sandra,' she said, 'I feel I must tell you what Carol is saying about you. I heard that the other evening you caned her for some reason or other. When you had finished caning you sent her to bed for the rest of the evening.' So far all was correct! 'Later, or so she says, you entertained a man friend, and she heard both of you in the bedroom. She says that both of you . . . well, do I need to say any more, I mean . . . ?'

I fully understand without her saying anymore. This was even

worse, now I was accused of doing things in my own home and keeping her out of the way by confining her to her bedroom.

Dick was working mornings that week, so I made up my mind. He would witness the punishment this time. I told him what had been said by his loving daughter and he was furious.

'Give her a good thrashing Sandra,' he said, angrily . . . and he said he would witness the punishment.

When she came home from school he ordered her to the bedroom. She was astonished at the tone of his voice, never had he spoken so sharply to her before. We gave her a couple of minutes to think about things then went upstairs to her.

First of all he lectured her on her lying ways, pointing out the damage she was doing, not only to my reputation, but to his. She mumbled her denials, but it was in vain, we were both determined she was to be punished severely as possible. I laid the girl on the edge of the bed, pulled her skirt up and gave her two hard strokes across her knicker covered buttocks. She was squirming slightly and I felt I wasn't really causing her much pain. I looked at Dick, and he nodded. Putting my hand in the waistband of her knickers I pulled them down to behind her knees, exposing her bare bottom.

'Not in front of my dad!' she said. I smiled at Dick, she was more humiliated at that moment. She felt to be a grown up woman, and showing her bottom in front of a man embarrassed her, even though that man was her father. I gave her four hard strokes with the cane across her writhing naked buttocks, and even though she tried to be as modest as she could, in the end her legs were flaying all over the place, displaying more than a young woman should. When I finished she was a sobbing contrite girl.

'Leave her alone with me for a few minutes,' murmured Dick. 'I want to talk to her.'

He was with her a good half hour and when he came downstairs he said. 'I don't think we will have anymore trouble with her Sandra. I have told her that I love you, you love me, and we both love her.'

I went up to her and bathed her very sore bottom, and put some cream on to ease the pain.

'I'm sorry Sandra,' she whispered as she climbed into bed . . . 'I suppose I was jealous of you.'

'There is no need to be darling,' I murmured, kissing her forehead.' 'I love you as if you were my own daughter. I don't want to come between you and your father, I want us to be one happy family.'

Dick took me in his arms and kissed me hard on the mouth. 'I wonder what it is like to be caned like that?' he asked, stroking my bottom. 'I have read in books of couples getting turned on by caning and spanking each other. Do you think it's true?'

'Could be,' I murmured. 'We'll try it later, when Carol is asleep.'

And we did, and it did turn both of us on, and our love-making was superb afterwards. Of course I didn't cane him like I had caned his daughter, I wasn't punishing my husband, I was loving him! ●

MARTINET SURVEY 1976-77 Summary of Results

IF you are interested in — and willing to be interviewed about one of the following listed subjects — please place a tick in the appropriate box — complete the form — detach from the magazine and forward to us — to the address published on the Contents Page — page 3.

1 Do you agree with Corporal Punishment? ..... ☐

2 Do you employ Corporal Punishment in your home? ... ☐

3 Did your parents employ Corporal Punishment? ..... ☐

4 Do you agree with Corporal Punishment in School? ..... ☐

5 Do you agree with Corporal Punishment for girls? ... ☐

6 Do you personally apply Corporal Punishment by hand strap cane
☐ ☐ ☐

NAME ..... AGE

Address .....

.....

NUMBER OF CHILDREN

BOYS. Age. GIRLS. Age.

Your name and address will not be published without your full consent.

We were very pleased with the results of the Martinet Survey on Corporal Punishment. We had a substantial number of replies, we would say about five per cent of our total readership felt strongly enough about Corporal Punishment to complete the form and return it to our offices! The first question: Do you agree with Corporal Punishment? Around eighty per cent agreed with Corporal Punishment, specially in schools. This high percentage was expected from Martinet readers, as the content of the magazine is slanted towards various forms of corporal punishment. As for the question: Do you employ Corporal Punishment in your home? The percentage was smaller, around sixty. From this we would gather that although many readers are interested in Corporal Punishment, a large percentage *do not* administer C.P. in their own homes. As for parents employing C.P., it was discovered that most of our older readers were punished physically when they were children by their parents, whereas our younger readers, that is under the age of thirty five, only about ten per cent admitted to being physically punished by their parents.

As was mentioned earlier, most people agreed with C.P. in our schools, and a number added the opinion that it was time the birch was re-introduced for young offenders!

The question: Do you agree with Corporal Punishment for girls brought many interesting remarks. Seventy per cent agreed that C.P. should be used with girls, but only for serious misbehaviour. A number of our readers expressed the opinion that C.P. on girls should only be administered by another female, and in privacy. Around fifty per cent of those in favour of C.P. for girls preferred the use of the strap on the bare bottom, especially if the girl was a teenager. A surprising number described the method of punishment in detail. In most cases mother did the caning. A number of people caned teen-aged girls, but not teen-aged boys, so unless we accept that girl teen-agers are much worse in behaviour than boys, the probable reason why the girls are beaten and the boys not is either, (a) a belief that the girl can be whipped into a pattern of social behaviour whereas the boys are already too developed, or (b) a fear that the girl will come to moral harm whereas the boy will probably straighten out later or (c) girls are cheekier than boys! (But most probably it's because our readers fantasise more about girls).

Those who personally applied Corporal Punishment seemed to favour the strap, around eighty per cent. Only a small percentage used the hand, and certainly not on teen-agers. Spanking by hand was mostly reserved for the small offender.

To sum up:

Most parents who used C.P. on their children, had been punished in this manner when they were young. They preferred it to continual nagging, or 'keeping in'. Most of the replies came from the middle class, ranging from (for example) factory managers to teachers and doctors. Most of these individuals favoured caning into the late teens. We also discovered that the use of the strap is mostly confined to girls, and the cane for boys. As for cases where wife punished husband, or husband punished wife, hand spanking was favoured. No doubt there is a sexual connotation here, which makes one suspect that C.P. between husband and wife is not punishment, but it is a form of sexual foreplay.

We are grateful to every reader who filled in our survey form, they have made a valuable contribution. All confidences will remain as such, and we regret we cannot answer all the many letters we have received.

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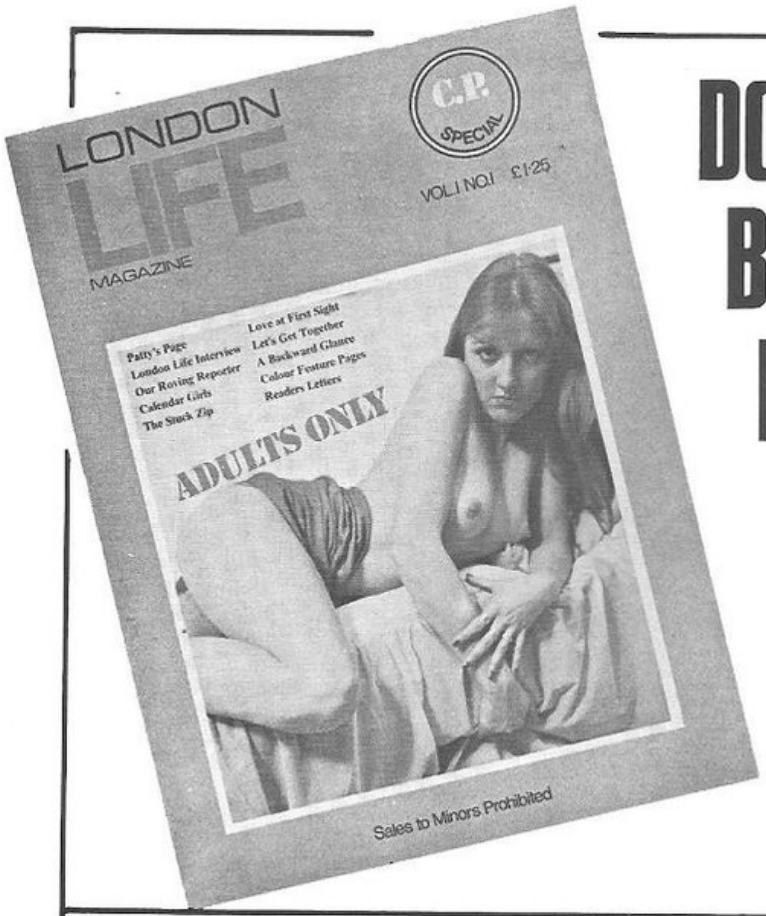

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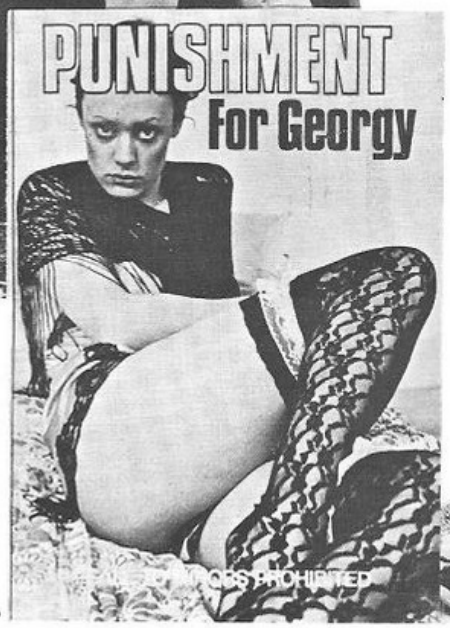

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ORDER FORM PAGE 31

READERS LETTERS

We would love to hear from you with your views and fantasies etc. Please write to Martinet (Readers letters) 121 Hoe Street, London E17.

E.S. Harrow

Dear Editor

Further to my recent telephone interview on the subject of Corporal Punishment, I enclose as requested the completed form and also an article for publication which confirms much of what I said during the course of the interview, together with my views on an associated subject, which may be of interest to

readers:–

On the question of punishment of youug boys I am a confirmed believer in the cane as the most satisfactory and effective instrument for this purpose, its qualities are unique and I refer to the proper crook-handled rattan school cane. This type of cane is thin and flexible, and has the ability to produce a breath-taking sting followed by sufficient lingering aching to be memorable, without causing more than superficial damage to the skin which soon recovers.

However, to obtain the maximum effect and in order to invert the punishment with a suitable aura, I have found it necessary to adopt a ritual procedure. The following is the method I have adopted with my own son (aged 8).

A boy should in my opinion become eligible for the cane at the age of 7. Only two sizes of cane are really necessary — a 'junior' model measuring 30-in. long and about 5/16-in. thick and a 'senior' one about 34-in. long and slightly thicker; the weight of the junior cane should be about ½ ounce and the senior about ¾ ounce. A boy should graduate to the senior model at about the age of 10 or 11 years according to his physique, a sturdy boy would obviously qualify earlier for up-grading than a slightly-built, gentler, more sensitive lad, who may not make the change until much later.

An essential pre-requisite to any punishment is apprehension prior to its actual infliction, and this can be built up by setting aside a special time for the expiation of any 'crimes'. In my family I arrange for punishment to be carried out on a Friday night after he has had his bath, any misbehaviour during the week is totally accounted for at that time, sentence being announced after tea. This allows him a few hours to reflect on his impending punishment.

After his bath, dressed *only* in a pair of lightweight fabric (Tricel and Viscose) tailored 'Bukta' slate-grey shorts, unlined and crisply pressed, white Fred Perry type shirt and ankle sox and sandals, he reports to his bedroom where he awaits my arrival with the appropriate cane. I then deliver a brief lecture on his misdeeds and request him to 'prepare'. In accordance with his training he does so by lying across the width of the bed (an old fashioned high model, not a divan), legs straight, one foot apart*, body horizontal, hands outstretched, gripping the far side of the bed. In this position the buttocks are not held skin tight beneath the shorts as in the traditional touch-toes school manner, but instead allow the cheeks to remain soft and flacid, the resilient flesh permitting a longer line of contact for the cane on impact. This is a more humane procedure for 'home' canings.

For a first caning I would never give more than three strokes as a boy's first taste of the cane can be a traumatic experience, and is at least a moderately severe shock to his nervous system, the buttocks at this early age are extremely delicate and sensitive. Subsequent canings as the boy gets older can be more severe but 8 should be the maximum number of strokes.

Standing to the left hand side I measure the cane across his cheeks, making sure that the tip extends beyond the buttocks; on no account must the tip of the cane contact the boy's body, as this causes severe local bruising and quite unnecessary distress. Raising the cane to about shoulder level, I deliver crisp clean cuts, increasing the velocity before contact with a sharp wrist action which gives the extra 'bite' necessary to an effective and satisfactory caning. Although this method produces naturally some distress (he usually catches his breath at the second or third stroke and cries), it is not beyond his capacity to bear. Since I do not pause between strokes, the infliction is swiftly completed and he is allowed to remain in his bedroom until composure is complete before returning to the 'fold' when all is forgotten and forgiven. A later inspection of the cheeks will generally reveal tram lines of red, vivid against a porcelain white skin but rarely any signs of bruising, all evidence disappearing in a few days.

I have found my approach satisfactory, the ritual preliminaries in my view are equally as important as the punishment itself, as it helps to the heighten the drama of the occasion, emphasising the seriousness also of the offence. I do not approve of the removal of the shorts as the boy is entitled to some degree of protection and modesty. However, the absence of any underwear ensures that most of the beneficial effects of the cane strokes are felt.

If the procedure I have described is instituted at an early age, unseemly struggling to avoid punishment will rarely be encountered since submissive but not unmanly acceptance of punishment will be established at an early age from the very start, and as a result canings will become less frequent.

I hope your readers will find this letter informative and of some interest, and that others will respond with detailed accounts of their methods of punishing their sons.

E.S.
Harrow,
Middx.

* This prevents clenching of the buttock cheeks, an involuntary reflex which sometimes occurs as a result of nervous anticipation of the cane's sting, a clenched condition does not allow the cane to perform its function satisfactorily.

E.S.

Dear E.S.,

It appears to me that you go to a great deal of trouble and expense with special clothing, just to send a naughty eight-year-old to bed with a sore bottom!

Surely a good old fashioned hand spanking would be just as effective at that age?

It will be interesting to hear what other readers think.—Ed.

Well Does She?

Dear Sir,

Well done on producing such an excellent magazine. I think I have a memory of a caning at school that you may care to print.

I attended a mixed grammar school in Dorset at the time, I had a very attractive girl friend of 14 whom I shall call Pauline, as she is now married.

We both were the same age and had certain lessons together, including geography. One day our geography mistress, a good-looking woman in her early thirties, told us that she would give us a test the following day. Pauline and I agreed to learn half the work each. We did this and so we thought completed the test successfully. A few days later the papers were returned and we both had obtained good marks. As we left the class, however, the teacher told both Pauline and I to report to her form room after school. This we both did. She told us to sit down in silence. After about half an hour she said: 'I know you both cheated in the exam and I am afraid I shall have to punish you both.' She got up and went to her store-room and produced a long thin cane. It was about 3 feet

long and very supple.

Although it was the middle 1950's and caning was commonplace in our school, neither Pauline or I had been caned before. Pauline turned pure white when she saw the cane.

'Ladies first,' said Miss Western, giving the cane a swish. Pauline got up slowly and walked out to the front.

'Bend over the desk, Pauline,' she said.

Pauline bent over, Miss Western raised her skirt. She was wearing navy blue knickers and stockings.

Miss Western lined up a stroke and delivered six stinging cuts across poor Pauline's bottom. She yelled out each time, but generally took the caning well.

I waited until she said 'Stand up, Pauline.' She stood up painfully and, still crying, went and stood by a desk.

I went forward, bent over the desk and found out why Pauline had yelled so much. I was determined not to yell out and bit my lip for the first two cuts. The third one was placed right along the first weal. I gave a short cry of pain. The remaining three were less hard, but still hurt a good deal. Finally, she laid the cane down and said: 'You can go now, you will get the same every time you cheat.'

We both said we were sorry, which we were, exceedingly sorry that we had caused ourselves so much pain.

We both went down to the changing room to 'survey the damage'. As you can guess, our backsides were covered in six big red weals. The marks lasted about a week.

We both avoided being caned by her again, although we were both caned together on several occasions, but only on the hands by other teachers.

Pauline left school to become a teacher, and as you may guess, is still a firm believer in corporal punishment, and uses it at her school.

Yours faithfully,
D.M.

Dear Sir,

We certainly did like to print your memory of a caning when you were at school.

By the way, now that Pauline is a teacher, could you tell us, does she still wear navy school knickers?—Ed.

Thief

Dear Sir,

I have just read your magazine 'Martinet'. I certainly do agree with C.P. I am divorced and have three children to bring up on my own, which is very difficult. I have two girls aged eight and eleven, and a boy aged fourteen.

This weekend the boy stole money from a friend's house and spent the money on cigarettes, drink and sweets. I used the strap on him and gave him a hiding he won't forget for a long time. I use the slipper or the strap to keep them in hand. I have tried keeping them indoors and stopping pocket money, but that doesn't work, so it is the strap from now on, as well as no money and staying in their bedrooms.

When their father was living with us he never hit them, and didn't allow me to do so either. So now I have to try and get some sort of control over them. I hate strapping them, but I have found that it is the only thing that works. I also think the cane ought to be re-introduced into schools. Children these days have no respect for teachers. I wouldn't dare speak back to my own father even now.

Yours sincerely,
Kristine

Dear Kristine,

What a pity you had to use a strap on your fourteen-year-old son. At his age he should understand the difficulties you have in bringing up a family on your own, and be helping you all he can. Yours—Ed.

Corporal Punishment

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed reading your magazine 'Martinet' Vol. 1 No. 5, for the first time recently. I didn't know of its existence before this, but look forward to the next issue, and hope you will soon be publishing monthly.

Particularly good was the article 'Truant Daughter', and on a few occasions, for the same thing, I have had to deal with my daughters in the same way. I also enjoyed reading the 'letters', from these one gets an insight into how other parents deal with their children and teenagers for bad behaviour.

As a parent with two teenage daughters, 13 and 16 years, I firmly believe in using Corporal Punishment, when all warning and other forms of punishment have been ignored, or too quickly forgotten about, a sore smarting bottom and thighs isn't, at least, not so quickly.

I feel if more parents used this form of punishment, we might have less cheek, disobedience and vandalism than that prevalent today.

And why shouldn't girls be puished when they deserve it? Between the ages of about 13 to 17 years, they are at an awkward age and seem to deserve punishment more often, at least mine do, and while naturally I hate having to, do not hesitate when it is necessary and deserved, making it sufficiently severe for the offence, without of course being excessive.

Punishment is given in the privacy of our living room, no witnesses being present, by a combination of over my knees first, for a really sound hand spanking, until the offender's bottom and thighs are really red, sore and stinging.

Then they are made to stand facing the wall for at least 10 minutes. After this they are sent to fetch the two-tailed strap (or tawse, I believe it is called), bend over the back of a low armchair for a dose of the strap, given mostly across the lower part of their bottom and upper thighs — the tender and sorest parts.

Before coming to the living room for punishment, my daughters are made to undress to their petticoats, and are forbidden to touch or rub their bottoms, during or after punishment.

The strap has a terrible sting when it strikes an already well-smacked bottom, intensifying the stinging and soreness for the next few hours, but the marks have generally disappeared by morning, leaving the tenderness and soreness for the next day as a reminder.

Yes, the cane is very effective, but unfortunately marks for too long afterwards, and while the offender deserves punishment, I don't feel it right they should carry the marks for long, but still, for very serious bad behaviour, occasionally my girls get the cane — up to 6 strokes after the strap.

Never mind all the talk of humiliation and embarrassment. My daughters, when they are being punished, have their petticoat tucked up, and their knickers taken down, and get it bare — and why not?

It is intended to be humiliating, sore and painful, to be a deterrent. Firstly, of course, we have the usual pleading and promising from them, but as the punishment begins to take effect, the usual howling and crying follows, and continues until it is finished; and as they go to bed clutching their now very sore bottoms they are still howling their heads off, howling and crying.

Readers may feel I am perhaps too severe, but if punishment is deserv-

ed, it should be felt and remembered — that's the idea of it. If you wish to publish this letter you have my permission, and I understand that my full name and address will not be disclosed.

Yours faithfully,
(Mr.) C.E.H.
Belfast

Dear Mr H,

Good to hear you enjoy our magazine and hope you will continue to be a reader.

Obviously you have found corporal punishment the best way to deal with your girls when all else fails, and like many others you favour a spanking before the tawse, but aren't you being a little too harsh in caning the girls after strapping them. Sounds an extremely harsh punishment to me.—Ed.

Superb Martinet

Dear Editor,

What a superb publication is 'Martinet'. After reading all the issues of the first year, the only complaint that I have is that it is only a bi-monthly publication. But this is largely compensated by its quality. Whilst a number of readers' letters are obviously fantasies for the purpose of sex titillation, the majority are probably factual, and the outstanding feature of your magazine is that it presents the reformative quality of corporal punishment, which in my estimation is quite lacking in the 'psychological' punishments which are often more cruel and inflict more lasting harm than any whipping.

I can speak from experience, and can testify as to the beneficial effects, which though distinctly uncomfortable at the time, resulted in a definite improvement in my character, and which I have appreciated more and more as I look round at the indiscipline so prevalent today. Since my account (a true one) includes a form of C.P. which I have not seen mentioned, perhaps you will be able to publish it.

Twenty years ago, when I was thirteen years of age, my parents took a job which meant long absences abroad, and so it was necessary to send me to boarding school. I realise now that I was a 'bit of a handful', resentful of authority and generally quite an unpleasant girl. The result was that my parents were requested to withdraw me from the first two schools to which I was sent. After some searching, they found a comparatively small private school which catered for the type of girl which I had become, and, although it was quite expensive, I was sent there.

In their brochure, they quoted that the discipline was strict, and I learned afterwards that they had to sign acceptance of the conditions of entry which specifically included corporal punishment.

The brochure was right! We were roused at 7.30 a.m. and from then the only free time we had was the interval between tea at 5.0 p.m. and supper at 9 pm, and this could be occupied often by having to do impositions or extra work. Classroom discipline was rigorous. Each teacher had a three-tailed tawse and could give up to three strokes on our luckless forearms, and at the end of the day, it was not uncommon for me to have both forearms red and puffy from wrist to elbow. Impositions were frequent and heavy, usually 200 lines minimum, and any inattention was punished by the delinquent having to come to the front of the class and kneel (with hands on head) to attention, having to make up any work lost in free time.

The punishment which we feared most, however, was to be sent to the Headmistress. Few girls escaped this at some time or other, and I had several painful interviews in her study.

It was the final and most painful one which 'cured' me. I had just passed my 16th birthday, when I was most unjustly given a 200 line imposition by a mistress who had a down on me. Knowing that she did not read through the script, I included the words 'Miss Anderson is a bitch' three times in the second and third pages. Unfortunately these caught her eye and, of course, I was taken down to the Headmistress immediately.

Standing to attention on the Delinquents' Strip, I watched with rising nervousness as she read through the offending document. Finally, she passed judgment. For handing in an incomplete imposition, I had to do a double imposition of 400 lines. If there was a single mistake, I would have to do the whole again and, in addition, receive one stroke of the cane for each mistake, and this would continue until I turned in a perfect copy.

For the second offence, that of insulting a member of the staff, I would suffer a severe caning. I had to bring out the punishment stool. This was a strong stool about a foot high and three feet long. A foot from each end there was a raised ridge and from there to the end of the stool, the surface was roughened by small pebbles. My next order was to remove my gym slip and knickers, and to fetch the cane from its hook.

Kneeling to attention on the stool, with my kneecaps on the pebbles, I then had to hold the cane horizontally in both hands and ask for my punishment. The next command was to kiss the cane and hand it to the headmistress.

'Extend your right hand to the full extent, palm upward,' came next, and three stinging strokes followed. Miss Travis was an expert caner, and always aimed so that the tip of the cane inflicted the maximum pain. Then the same for the left hand. I then had to extend the right hand again, but this time palm downward. This was very much worse than the other, and after the process had been repeated on the left knuckles, I was howling.

But my punishment had only started, for I had then to place my hands on the floor, and bend over so as to rest my head on them. I heard Miss Travis take three steps away, and then a rapid shuffle, and the cane exploded with excruciating effect on my lower buttocks. Twelve more times, always about the same place, and I was reduced to a moaning heap.

But there was to be no respite. I was ordered to kneel up again and extend my hands in front of me, palms downward. On these Miss Travis balanced a heavy book and then placed the cane across them with a recommendation that I should study the consequences of wrong doing. The pain in my knees and shoulders with the effort of holding the books, together with the smarting back and hands, made my body seem to be one mass of agony, and it was not surprising that with my sobs, one of the books fell off my hand.

I was immediately given three strokes across the front of my thighs for breaking my penance, and the books and cane were replaced. This happened five times in all, and my thighs were criss-crossed with weals by the time I was told to get up.

I could hardly move for pain and stiffness, but I was ordered to receive the cane back on both hands, to kiss it again, and to thank the Headmistress for my punishment. Then after restoring the cane back to its hook, I had to stand, with all my stripes showing, for half an hour so that I could fully realise the penalty for offences. At length, I was told to dress and my

ordeal was over and, still sobbing, I was allowed to leave to comfort my weals as best I could in the privacy of the dormitory.

Even by the school's standards, I had had a severe punishment, and I took care never again to risk another. It was a fortnight before the marks finally faded, and looking back on the incident nearly twenty years ago, my body still tingles with the memory. But I now know that the punishment was just and certainly I feel that I benefitted from this very painful experience more than I would have done from the psychological penalties in vogue today.

Yours sincerely,
Janet Westrupp (Miss)

Dear Janet,
Could the name of this school be Auschwitz, by any chance?—Ed.

Readers' Letter from New Zealand

Dear Editor,

I worked in a hosiery factory as a girl leaving school, and I had not been there long when I saw a big hefty woman drop her pants, and showed the biggest bottom I'd ever seen, with a number of angry red welts on it, which she explained her hubby had done over the weekend. This started a discussion and I came to the conclusion that some women even liked being spanked, believing that their husbands thought enough of them to correct them, even a mild caning was not objected to.

There were the exceptions who were very definite that any spanking in their homes, and they would do it.

Or the remark: 'I'd like to see a man give me a hiding.'

And over the next few years, it was almost a common sight for some woman to show her bare bottom, with the battle scars on.

Mostly on a Monday morning.

When I married I was in love, we were both fond of each other, and though I was still working after marriage, but not at the factory, and although we never tried to avoid having a family, none came.

My husband played football, was a member of several different committees and secretary of one. He was out often several nights in the week, seldom less than one, and he usually came home tired after a few drinks and would go to sleep almost as soon as he hit the pillow.

Added to this, he is of the early to bed, early to rise sort, while I am late to bed, and I don't like leaving the old sack in the morning. In consequence I felt a certain amount of frustration, and had a job at times trying to bring things to a head.

I even contemplated being spanked to see if that would arouse him, as I had heard some of my former workmates assert that after their husbands had spanked them they both became very randy.

I tried every trick I knew to be spanked. I'd tease him, I'd cheek him, and stick my bare bottom under his nose almost, but beyond the playful smack nothing happened.

Finally in desperation I said: 'If you were a man (and I almost spelled out MAN) you would put me across your knee, and smack my bare bottom.'

I had no knickers on at the time, and I put myself over his knee, and he raised my frock and hand spanked me, but he was so gentle I doubt if I had been a child he would have raised a tear.

Around this time I was reading a book, in which a man of independent means, who had at one time been married, lived alone with a housekeeper, an elderly person who kept house for him, a daily help coming in to do the heavy work.

He paid his housekeeper extra to do special work, which was to spank or beat him with a cane.

I was fascinated with this story, and it was written by a woman, and I could not forget it.

It mentioned a name which in my dictionary said referred to a person who desired to be ill-treated, and even beaten by a member of the opposite sex. It set me thinking, and I began to work something out. I began by ordering him around, and was surprised how easy it became to get him to do what I wanted, without any protest from him.

Then one day I had given him too many orders and he had gone to bed without doing them all, and was asleep when I went to bed.

I woke him up, turned him over on his belly, and proceeded to spank his bare bottom. He never fought me, and after, when we were in bed, I virtually raped him, and believe it or not, it was the first time for years, or in fact ever since our marriage, I really and truly enjoyed the sexual act. And when I woke next morning, he was raring to go, and we did it again. Giving him a smack across his bum, I told him to go and make me a cup of tea.

When he brought the tea back, we sat in bed and drank it, and I tried to come to terms with myself; it looked as if I had to wear the pants. While I would not say either of us are sex mad, we are both fond of each other and enjoy the intimacy of a love session.

But what he said to me then, came as a considerable surprise. He asked me this: if he was the wife, and I the husband, would I take his knickers down and administer a sound spanking? And I laughed, and said yes, I probably would.

He then told me the most remarkable thing. It seemed that a girl he knew years ago, but had never been out with, but who he admired at a distance, had been stripped, beaten and raped. He had for some unaccountable reason had a secret desire to suffer like treatment at the hands of a man, but latterly it had become a woman in his fantasy, who beat and raped him.

He had never ever confided his strange thoughts to anyone, but when I had seemed angry and spanked him overnight, it had brought his dreams and day-dreams into reality. The only one apart from me who had spanked him was his mother, who he had loved very much; she had passed away while he was still a boy.

What my thoughts were when my husband, whom I was, and still am, very fond of asked me virtually to take over, give the orders and enforce discipline whenever necessary, are difficult to analyse. He of course did not put it the way I am now, but his meaning was clear. In effect he wanted to be the man in the story I had read, and incidentally got the book back from the library for him to read. My memory for names is bad, though I can remember faces. All I can remember now is that the writer was a French woman. I cannot remember the title — a very ordinary book to start off with.

But to return to that morning. After we had drunk our tea — mine had gone cold while I listened to him, and had a second one — he then asked to be spanked again. And I took him across my knee and smacked his bottom, the second time in less than twelve hours.

Since then I've really worn the pants, and it can be a spanking over my knee, or with him bent over a chair for the cane. The spankings are with my hand, or a paddle he made for me, and it makes him yelp more than ever the cane does. Though the cane is only used rarely.

I have come to really enjoy my complete mastery over him, and he submits without any fuss.

In fact if I neglect to discipline him, he behaves badly enough to bring it to my notice, and it is rectified. In this day of supposed equality between men and women, personally I don't believe it works satisfactorily. In any partnership, one partner must be the leader, or boss — either one or the other. That is why I suspect the girls in the factory (girls being a joke — some were around sixty!) recognised that, and were content, many of them, to be bossed.

It seems my destiny to have a man completely under my thumb. He wants it that way, and gets it.

The promises I made to take care of him when we married still stand, included in this is his desire to be 'corrected' by me when he is a bad lad is alright with me. Come to think of it, from my point of view, it is more fun spanking a bare bottom than having my own bottom spanked.

Don't know if you will find space for this, but no name or address please.

Your truly,
Nell

It sounds like a sure case of Bottoms-up down under, Nell.

Wet Her Knickers

Dear Sir,

I was pleased to read in your reply to Laura that you approve of C.P. in schools as well as at home as it would help to improve behaviour in our present unsatisfactory state of society. I had my share of C.P. at school and have never regretted it, although it was painful at the time. I am sure I deserved having the stick and that it helped to improve my conduct, at least for a time until I found myself before the headmistress again. In consequence I do not hesitate to discipline my own daughters on the principle that what was good for me is also good for them.

I went to a school in the Midlands where the cane was in use. I was sent to the headmistress on several occasions to be given the stick. Caning was on the hands and on the bottom. My first canings, for what I suppose were minor offences, were on my hands, both of them, for the strokes were not given in singles, it was either two, four or six, and I would be sent back to my class with both hands tingling and smarting. Here I must say that 'Retired School-mistress' surprised me by her letter in No. 5, expressing surprise that 'Vera' had wet her knickers when being caned on her hands, saying that it was more likely to occur in canings on the bottom.

I am able to report that I myself had a similar experience to Vera. When caned on my hands, it was the first stroke which made me wet a little. My opinion is that whenever I had to appear before the head-mistress, it was the surprise I got on feeling the hot sting of the cane on my palm or fingers, the shock I got as the cane was swished from shoulder-height across my outstretched hand, making it smart and tingle so much that the effect seemed to go right through me, thus causing me to wet myself, not excessively but sufficient-ly to give me wet knickers. My head-mistress was one who knew how to use her long swishy cane effectively, always giving well-aimed strokes which gave maximum smart-ness. Also I had at the time a class friend who confesses to me that she reacted in the same way when she was caned.

Although caning on the hands was an effec-tive punishment, I must admit that being caned on my bottom was even more effective in making me realise that I was at fault. How my bottom stung and smarted whenever I was told to lean over the head-mistresses desk to receive my reward. Caning usually meant six strokes across the knickered bottom. As I lay across the desk I felt it was part of my punish-ment to have my dress raised to expose my bottom to the head-mistress so that she could cane it, and each time I felt the cane being swished across both cheeks it certainly made me feel that I was getting what I deserved — usually for misbehaviour in class, especially when I was singled out as the ringleader when the teacher would return to the classroom after a momentary absence to find the class in disorder.

I have two daughters, Eileen who is nearly 15, and Nancy who is nearly 13. I agree with the advice of Mrs Jones to Vera (No. 5) that older girls need C.P. as well as younger ones. Nancy can be cheeky to me some-times, while Eileen is a tall girl with an increas-ingly haughty manner which annoys me, and I think it is good to deflate her sometimes by having to submit her bottom for caning. When she gets up afterwards the look on her face tells me that her smarting bottom is making her feel less proud of herself. Nancy is a different sort of customer and I have to tan her bottom soundly as she wriggles far more than Eileen, who takes her caning more quietly, suiting her general demeanour.

I use an ordinary school cane, about 3-ft. long, like the one which made me behave at school. It hangs on a nail in the kitchen, ready to be taken down when either daughter is need-ing a bit of stick. The one who has been offending knows what is coming to her when I take the cane down and order her to go upstairs with me. I give up to six strokes, and when I have finished the delinquent knows once again what it is like to have a smarting bottom. However, they know that their mother had her own bottom caned several times at school, having told them about myself as justification for my attempts to improve their behaviour. I think this helps, to let them see that I am only doing it for their good as I myself had to learn to behave and obey.

Yours sincerely,
Millicent

Dear Millicent,

It would be wrong of me to comment on either the methods used at your school, or those you use on your daughters. Only you can be the best judge of when Eileen and Nancy deserve punish-ment and how it should be administered.

From what you say, however, you appear to have found a very satisfactory method of dealing with their naughtiness, and are one of many parents who realise the need in these modern times for a little old-fashioned discipline from time to time.

Late Again

Dear Sir,

You published my letter in *Martinet* Vol. 1 No. 5 under the heading 'Up your kilt', and asked in your postscript for a detailed personal experi-ence that you could illustrate with photo-graphs. Please realise that I am no novelist and can really only tell you what happened.

Several occasions spring to mind, not because we were any worse as children than any other, but because my father and mother had strong views on bringing up children and they included using the belt (tawse). As I men-tioned in my previous letter, we all wore the kilt as part of our school

uniform, my sisters because they had to, and myself because it was obviously economical for my parents. Uni-sex still hadn't been invented, but we had it as far as our underwear was concerned years ago. My sisters had to wear bottle green cotton knickers as part of their uniform and so we boys wore bottle green cotton knickers under our kilts too.

One instance that I remember very clearly concerned my sister. She had received permission to go and have tea with one of her school friends directly from school and was told very clearly that she must be home by 7.30 at the very latest. When 7.45 came my father phoned the parents of the school friend and discovered that they were under the impression that their daughter was having tea with us. All hell was let loose then and when my sister finally arrived home at ten past eight my father was in a good-going rage. He had that facility to appear very calm when he was very annoyed, my father, and he asked where she had been, mentioning that he knew she hadn't been at her friend's house and so not to add telling lies to her crimes. It turned out that both of them had been saving up for weeks to go into the 'movies', something never done in our family except to carefully selected films, and then as a family party.

My sister and I were called into my father's study and all three of us were lined up and lectured on doing what we were told, not going anywhere unless our parents knew where we were and so on and so on. I had noticed when we entered the room that the piano stool was standing very prominently in the middle of the floor and the belt was lying on it.

Once he had finished his lecture, my father told us we were to stay where we were and see what happened to disobedient girls. He then told the erring sister to bend over the stool, her kilt was lifted at the back exposing her bottle green knickers, and four strokes of the belt were landed on her knicker-clad bottom. Then the green knickers were pulled down to her knees and a further 4 strokes applied to her bare bottom.

I remember another time when the same sister and I had been caught smoking in the garden shed. Once again it was the lecture, bend over the piano stool, kilt up, green knickers down and four of the best applied to our bare bottoms.

One time for a crime I don't remember, I was bent over the piano stool, my belt lifted, my green knickers pulled down and given 4 of the best, then being deprived of my knickers for the rest of the day. If anyone has ever felt the material of a kilt rubbing up against a newly belted bottom they will know how I begged to get my green knickers back again.

I hope in this letter I may have given you some ideas for your photo sequence and I look forward very much to seeing photos in your pages of your models with their kilts up, green knickers down and a belt being applied.

Once again may I wish your publication every success.

Your truly,
W.S.

Dear W.S.,

Thank you for writing again and giving details of your experiences, and those of your sisters. Your father obviously believed in discipline, and knew the value of the tawse. From what you say it appears that you all got your just desserts.

Miss Valerie, Surrey

Dear Sir

Having read your number six, I saw the letter from Betty P. and was taken back to those same dreadful days of 1944. Having never remembered my own parents and been brought up by my dear aunty, I was very shocked and upset when she was killed by a flying bomb.

I was sent to my only other living relative, another aunty in Devonshire. She had married a man much older than herself, and had two boys who were then 8 and 10 years old. They were a very religious family and I found their continual prayers and quiet way of life very strange.

At that time I was a girl of nearly 14 and ready to leave school, but instead of being allowed to go out to work I was kept at home to help aunty with the housework.

Every evening after tea we gathered in the living-room for family prayers, and I was horrified to find that this was always followed by the accounting of any misdeeds the boys had done, for which they were then punished before us.

For this uncle used a very thin little stick. It was only pencil-thin at the end he held, and tapered to a wire-like thinness along the two feet or so of its length.

Each boy had to get up onto the table on his hands and knees, then with his trousers and pants lowered, he was made to spread his knees wide and put his head down on his hands, and hollow his back out, thus pushing his bottom up and open to receive what was always called 'proper punishment'.

I was always deeply shocked at this, for the position was very 'improper', but they were made to keep themselves in this highly indecent attitude all the time they were being thrashed.

Uncle did not count out strokes either, but covered their outstretched buttocks with many rapid beats, never hard enough to bruise or injure them, but making them scream out continually, waving their feet wildly and frantically over the edge of the table, until uncle was satisfied with their 'proper punishment'.

I had been with them for about two or three months when one Sunday I could not find my prayer book to take to church. The boys had hidden it purposely, but not knowing this at the time, I went without it.

Uncle and aunty set great store on us each having a personal prayer book. They had presented this one to me, and they were both very cross at my being without it at church, and threatened that I would 'pay' for it that evening.

I was terrified at this. Surely I was far too big and grown up to be given a thrashing like the boys. Besides, I was a girl, and I was absolutely horrified at the very thought that I may have the ugly thick dark green school bloomers I then still wore, openly shown, or worse still, taken down in front of them.

With my heart thumping I waited till after tea, then my carelessness was discussed at length, and to my horror it was aunty who said that in her opinion I deserved to have my knickers taken down and be given a sound thrashing. Of course uncle agreed, and the two boys were smirking gleefully.

I shall never forget my blushing humiliation as I was made to kneel on the table before them, while aunty raised my dress up and pulled down my green bloomers. She took them right down so that I could spread my knees wide apart. I was already howling with shame, but I had to lean right down with my face on my hands, then just like the boys had done, hollow my back and push my broad bottom up high and opened-out towards them. Although I was a big girl by then, I had very little pubic hair there, and knew only too well

what a shameful view I was giving those hateful smirking little boys of my well-developed labial-lips and anus, and I could have died there and then in loathsome humiliation.

But the next moment I nearly died of shock, as uncle began to beat me. The stinging of his little stick was sheer agony, and I shrieked loudly as I felt it smarting my naked bum unbearably. Almost at once I pulled myself in, rounding my back to get my bottom away from that stinging stick.

Uncle and aunty were very indignant and horrified that I had not stayed in that level position to accept my 'proper punishment' in a 'proper manner'. They scolded me and prayed loudly for my 'wickedness to be forgiven'. Then I was made to hold myself up and 'opened out' once more, and the thrashing was continued.

I shrieked all the time to the sharp stinging, and waved my feet wildly just as the boys had done, but strain as I might to keep my smarting bottom up and out to that painful little stick, I knew that I could not endure it for long, and I soon had to pull myself in again.

With many pauses and fervent prayers for my shameful behaviour, I was made to resume that indecent position time and time again, until at last uncle and aunty were satisfied that I had been 'properly punished'. Although the pain had been very sharp and stinging, and afterwards my bottom was a bright smarting red, it soon faded, and by the time I went to bed I could only feel a slight tingling, and the colour had changed to a light pink.

To the boys' great enjoyment I was called a 'snivelling little cry-baby', and from then on I was to join them regularly for such thrashings. They were always finding ways to get me into trouble with their parents to ensure that they would see me being beaten again.

As I became used to receiving these punishments, my feelings of outraged modesty very gradually changed and I became aware of the erotic and sensual implications of being thrashed in such an indecent way before the little boys, and aunty was quick to point out my wet and dripping pubes, as evidence to all of my further 'sinful and wicked ways'. My head down, bum up, and opened-out position on the table, then allowed uncle to bring the attentions of his little stick directly upon this 'wickedness' and I screamed loudly and hysterically as that stinging agony was concentrated actually on the wet lips of my intimate parts, amid fresh urgent prayers for the 'saving of my sinful soul'.

By the time I was about 18 or 19, aunty allowed me to change my green school bloomers for grown-up directoire knickers of pink rayon, but I still had to have them lowered for 'proper punishment' until I was well into my twenties, but long since then, as you may well have guessed, my earlier shame and horror had slowly been turned into a secret sensual pleasure.

Long after the boys had grown up and moved away from home, I stayed on with uncle and aunty from my own choice, and only left when uncle died and the family split up.

I never married, but always kept my interest in corporal punishment, hence my enjoyment of *Martinet*. Let me wish you a very happy birthday on the first year of your excellent publication.

Yours sincerely,
Miss Valerie
Surrey

Dear Miss Valerie,

Thank you for your letter and compliments. In return, I would like to compliment you on your handwriting; such a beautiful letter. Could I hazard a guess and say you work in some artistic occupation?—Ed.

Send Us More

Dear Editor,

Writing in *Martinet*, Vol. 1, No. 6, page 42, your correspondent "D.C., Jersey" is kind enough to flatter me with remarks in praise of my earlier letters to you, and I therefore hope you will favour me again with this letter, mainly addressed to D.C. and other of your correspondents who agree with my belief in the application of at least moderately severe, no-nonsense C.P. for delinquents.

First, in an endeavour to assist D.C., I tried recently to be of assistance in locating suppliers of genuine Scots tawses, and, by the simple expedient of ringing numbers in the Edinburgh district yellow pages under "Saddlers" and "Leather Merchant", excluding the obvious rag trade and suede coat shops, I am able to say that, out of seven calls, one lady said "I thought they were now a thing of the past", one male assistant said: "Sorry, but try Dick of Cowdenbeath" and five ladies said: "Yes, we have tawses in stock". I followed by asking: "Size and price?" One said: "regulation size" and, further pressed, said: "a really good strap and I hope I never have to get another leathering with one". Four others offered a choice, and when I said I wanted one to replace an issue cane, she said: "the saddler can make them up to order, but 28" lengths are about as long as the lengths of the thick butt leather we get from the factors". Three stocked two, three and (one) four tailed tawses at prices from £2.50 to £3.85 ("reformatory grade") which I suspect is old nomenclature. So, in Scotland, D.C., no problem and, as one of the assistants was particularly voluble, I gather that there is still a heavy demand for good skelping belts, although she regretted "most of those we sell are for application to the palms which always seems to me a great pity". I agreed, and when I said she would be pleased to know that I intended my tawse for a naughty girl's bare bum she positively enthused and suggested I ask for her when calling as she could "still lay my hands on an extra-heavy, ½" thick Lochgelly type with three thongs and a great deal of punishing power".

May i add a hearty "hear, hear" to your editorial comments appended to D.C.'s letter in which you advocate a return of the penal birch by a wielder in full control of his (and I trust her!) emotions.

At the end of the war I had just entered the A.T.S. (now W.R.A.C.) after gaining a teacher's certificate (because of Scottish "Highers" I went to college at 16½ years of age) and was posted to a Provost Unit (women's police) where I came into contact with the unsavoury members of the women's services, drunkenness, unwanted pregnancies, absentees, deserters and, worst of all, V.D. Already somewhat disillusioned about my own sex, I was further horrified when posted to Germany to assist in preparing evidence (German was my forte at training college) for the trials of young wardresses from some of the many lesser-known concentration camps, endless translations of "prison records" including the meticulously-kept list of offenders against the regulations and "punishment awards", mainly "25 strokes, intensified"; "intensified signified that the whippings were given on the female prisoners' bare buttocks, and our "exhibits" included straight lengths of rattan cane, dog whips, a metre in length, and birches of 5 to 9 long, pliable withes now dried out and brittle.

Himmler, himself, had promulgated the order for more use of flogging in 1942. A sargeant who had taken the law into her own hands and had given a prisoner "a taste of her own medicine" was cashiered ("this makes you just as bar as them, and gives ammunition to the defence lawyers").

I cannot clearly recall and recount my feelings at 18 years of age, but, on leaving the services it was easy for me to "follow my trade", hence my entry to "young people's institution" life back in Scotland, and I do recall my satisfaction at continuing to have power over my charges, who held me in awe, certainly respecting that I was Law, judge and Nemesis. How I delighted in hearing from the Head Matron that I had to "get on top quickly and stay there" and that she hoped I'd approve of her "reputation for strict discipline". I did and still do, and it was with considerable pleasure that I allowed her to advise me on selecting four assorted tawses (the girls were 12-17 years of age) from a cupboard which contained some 20-30 tawses in corded bundles of 5 or 6, and a cluster of pencil-thin crook-handled canes, "ideal for changing the diet of a girl's bum". She said: "I suggest — and it is only a suggestion, as you can augment your own ideas within reason, and there are no hard and fast rules — that you try to punish with the tawse in class in the usual school way, and that when knickers are to come down you take the offending girl to the small gym, as some of these young madames like nothing better than to watch a good belting of another girl's bare bum and this leads to greater vigilance being required after lights out at 9.30! But you'll soon get into a routine". I did and because some of my colleagues, recruited during the wartime shortage of staff, were married, I did more than my share of night duty and eventually almost took over the 8 p.m. punishment parades, by which time I was regarded as "a real martinet" (the reason I was first attracted to your publication). You may be interest in the procedure I tended to adopt. We had an outdoor netball court and a small gym indoors (girl's who were fat were slimmed by diet and exercise as obesity and acne were causes of teenage revolt) and at 8 p.m. the duty seniors, two of the older, privileged girls (themselves not immune from the punishment list) would marshal the days' serious offenders in the corridor, according to age, youngest first, and I would have them march in the first girl, A.T.S. defaulters style. The offence would be read "involved in a dormitory fracas this morning when she 'borrowed' a pair of a classmates knickers".

"Have you anything to say before sentence?"

"No, ma'am."

"Has she been punished recently, Prefect."

"Miss Bain gave her six of the best in class last week. On her hands."

"You will now have another six, but this time I'm going to use the heavy tawse, and your knickers will be taken down. Girls, secure her"

The older girl's would now pull the offender forward over the padded horse, restraining her by stretching out the arms and pressing the shoulders with the other hand. The tawses and a couple of canes were in front on a table and I would casually flex the leather, raise the gym slip, lower the navy school knickers to the knees and take up my position. Invariably I thrushed hard, generally waiting about 30 seconds after the first stroke and then giving about three lashes a minute, and just as invariably I evoked screams and entreaties of "no more, miss, oh, please, no more, I can't stand it."

After the sentence was carried out I'd sometimes remark: "So, you see, you wicked girl, you can stand it, and much more besides, and you'll stand at least a dozen strokes like that if you are before me for punishment in the near future." For a repeated offender, perhaps a 16 year old girl "in need of care and protection" and sentenced for soliciting around Glasgow's Queen St. Station. I considered that any serious breach of the regulations might warrant up to 20 strokes, loud satisfying, reforming thwacks which once, twice and thrice visited every inch of the firm, resilient, squirming, tightening and yawning buttock cheeks which wealed and swelled and were evidence of penal-type punishments. Sometimes I despair when I read of namby-pamby spankings which are said to do no good, and no wonder, and I would ask anyone who rushes to condemn harsh institutional whippings as still meted out in Africa, Singapore, North and South America and the Middle East, to contemplate for a moment the spread of womanly buttock of a teenagers bent over bum; no dresden china this, but a firmly-fleshed posterior which I can attest to being able, should punishment (and I make no apology that I mean the infliction of minutes of unacceptable agony) be merited and inflicted. Several girls absconded in my time, usually being returned via the police in 48 hours, and often being apprehended housebreaking for food, clothes and money. When a girl broke out, the Matron would ask the oldest member of the staff (an embittered cruelly-disposed widow) if she would oblige by getting ready to form a reception committee; my first experience of this was when two 15 year olds absconded and were returned within a few hours. The Head Matron was determined to assert her personal authority on these occasions, and I discovered that disuation took the form of a birching in front of the assembled staff and the oldest class (so that "news" would be spread throughout the institution).

For this the girls were fastened in turn "domed", that is bent tightly over a low horse, and I was surprised that the birch was not a bundle of a dozen thin twigs, as I imagined, but only three by 39" long tightly-bound but very supple, soaked rods. Each got 12 on that first occasion, stripped from bra strap and rolled-up vest to stocking tops and I never heard screams like they emitted, even when I laid on with my ½" thick, 28" long two-thonged Lochgelly (which I still have at the back of my wardrobe). But this was too severe I decided, for all but the toughest most violent girl. Of course, from time to time I caned, usually in class and across the knickers, but I never had reason not to favour a tawse selected in accordance with the offender and her crime.

Finally, and don't forget I'm selecting the random punishments from years of institution life, lest anyone say "dreadful", "sadistic", "should be goaled", I would ask readers to believe that when girls had earned my friendship and there was mutual understanding. I frequently discussed the thrashings which we administered and though almost all (yes, there were exceptions) feared and dreaded the order "bend over and take down your knickers", there was a widespread feeling of justice being effectively and impartially administered and I delight to recall two girls asking to see me after I returned from a visit to town. They confessed to a breach of regulations for which they would not have been detected but so felt ashamed that they talked over their feeling of guilt and decided to

"take their medicine".

"So what," I asked, "do you feel you deserve".

"The strap."

"Get one from my desk". In fact each brought one and I said I'd use the medium-weight (as depicted in your recent centre page).

"How many strokes do you think you should get?"

This obviously was beginning to shake their resolve so I said: "Hold out your hands, one on the other and I'll give you six of the best." The weaker personality I took first and, as always, really laid it on so that there was plenty of blowing on palms between strokes and hopping from one foot to another. When I turned to the second, she said: "please, miss, I'd rather have in on my bum." I obliged, and without being told Jean took down her knickers and bent clutching her shins. A few minutes later she was clutching her blazing cheeks.

(Strathclyde)
E.M. (Mrs.)

Nice to hear from you against Mrs. E.M. The last time you wrote to us you included our survey form in with your letter and you may be pleased to note we have published a summary of results of that survey in this issue, one other thing Mrs. E. Don't forget you promised to loan me that Historic Tawse of yours, and to send me your new address so as I can write to you. Best Regards. —Ed.

Nice One

Sir

May I comment on Volume 1, No. 6.

'Punishment for Pamela', was an excellent story. The punishment meted out was reasonable as well as being severe. The description of the cuts almost made me feel the pain myself. The whole thing could have been a real episode. Was it?

On the other hand 'The Young Teacher' story was very obviously fantasy, and no less entertaining for that. I have never seen a paddle of this sort before. I have seen an American friend spanking her young son (8) with a round one rather like a table tennis bat. It was a very noisy spanking but the bruising was very superficial and I would say the instrument caused very little pain.

Turning to your letters I think it depends on the age and physique of the girl and the nature of the offence as to whether punishment should be given on the bare bottom or over knickers or trousers. A good spanking with a hairbrush could cause sufficient pain to an 8 or 9 year old if given over the knickers but would be a useless punishment for a teenager or over a boy's shorts. A cane on the seat of the trousers or across knickers can be excruciatingly painful. A strap, unless specially made for punishing, may be useless over knickers. A Scottish tawse however can be very painful even through cloth trousers. I have never seen a heavyweight one but I have received and handed out thrashings with a medium Lochgelly on hands, knickers and bare backsides.

A blow with a hairbrush is but a minor prick when compared to the cut of the tawse. All instruments are of course far more effective on the bare skin in terms of immediate pain. A thrashing with a tawse on the knickered bottom may in terms of immediate pain be less intense than a similar number of blows from the back of a hairbrush. The bruising from the tawse will however be deeper and the after effects will last much longer. A cane can weal almost as effectively through knickers as on the bare but the pain at the moment of execution will be 100% greater on a bare bum. The birch of course would be useless except on bare skin.

The choice of instrument and the adjustment of the clothing for punishment should depend on the misbehaviour. If every fault is punished with severe bare bottom thrashings or canings then parent, teacher or guardian has no room for manoeuvre when serious crime occurs.

Posture is also very important. Across the knee is suitable for slipper or hairbrush but strap and cane are relatively ineffective. For the latter I prefer the culprit lying across stool or bed or bent over suitable chair or sofa arm. I would never increase the punishment if the child moves from position. Twisting and squirming shows the strokes are painful. If the position however is not resumed or the culprit actively resists then there is a case for further chastisement.

I also prefer making a child remove knickers or trousers itself. The order 'Take down your knickers' was always a horribly humiliating one when given to me and I am sure every boy or girl who gets it feels the same.

Mr. D.B.C. of Dundee seems to think that most boys wore green school knickers under their kilts. I must say that during thirty three years in Inverness (as child and woman) I never found such to be so. I only saw one pair of tartan breeks worn under a kilt but all others I have seen wore ordinary boys cotton underpants. I would lay a bet that under most kilts you would find a pair of Y-fronts nowadays.

There was one family I knew when I taught in Inverness, 3 girls and 2 boys, where for disciplinary purposes the boys were frequently made to wear girls school tunic knickers and bodice. In my opinion the father in this case was a sadist and eventually the N.S.P.C.C. intervened over the savage thrashings he handed out to his five children. The boys were never sent to school in these garments, they would not have been acceptable as suitably dressed. They had to wear them out of school hours however, for up to a week at a time. I also remember that the elder boy even when he had turned sixteen had to wear short trousers. I left Inverness that year in 1955 so I never knew when he was allowed to wear long trousers. I do think that the modern trend to put boys into trousers at a very early age is not conducive to discipline but I would never humiliate a child by insisting that he or she wear clothes markedly different from their contemporaries.

Mrs. I.McA. must be writing of an earlier age when she says that women are flogged and caned by order of the South African courts. This is not so at present, only boys and men can be so sentenced, and are so sentenced with the same frequency as fines are inflicted in this country. The public floggings of the SWAPO women was in the native reserve in S.W. Africa.

I taught in a school in Cape Town for three years. Children; white, black, coloured and Asian are brought up very strictly. Punishment canes are available and on display (or were in 1956/59) in a number of shops. In schools, caning is both frequent and severe for boys and girls. It is almost always administered on the bottom and quite frequently on the bare bottom even at an advanced age. I have seen boys and girls ordered to lower their pants for this purpose. I was also aware that caning is the usual punishment at home. One girl pupil of mine who got married at sixteen was caned on the Saturday before the ceremony by her father and was aware that her husband would probably continue such treatment.

K.M. (Mrs.)

Dear Mrs. M.,

Many thanks for your informative letter, and it is interesting that you should ask about the 'Punishment for Pamela' story, this was sent to me as a readers letter. I used it as a photo fantasy because it would have taken up too much space in the readers letter section, and I felt that it was such a descriptive piece of writing that I did not wish to shorten it or leave it out of the magazine, without knowing this you felt the story to be true so I can only think you may be right Mrs. M.—Ed.

Opinion

Dear Sir

Congratulations! Martinet No. 5 was definitely your best yet. The article 'Truant Daughter' was really first rate. Full marks for both the story and the photos. I particularly liked the 'across the knee' photo sequence with the pictures on pages 26/27 outstanding. Of the caning sequence pages 35 and 39 were very good. The model who acted as Mother is really convincing and my bottom tingles whenever I think of her. I would certainly like to see more of her in future with lapfuls of disobedient teenagers. The daughter was also well played but on some facial shots she looked old er and bored. Still never mind; I hope this realistic article will encourage other Mothers to discipline their spoilt teenage daughters.

A strong second feature in the magazine was 'Strictly Private'. Here the story was more fictional or imaginary, I felt, but there was plenty of action and some good spanking photos. In particular I liked those on pages 6 to 9 and the 18 and 22 across the knee sequence. Readers letters were good as usual and some exciting tawse photos finished the magazine.*

In my opinion *Martinet* concentrates on female spanking female. Your sister magazine *Obey* concentrates on female spanking male. This is great! I for one will continue to buy your magazine as long as these themes dominate. Although I am a man approaching 30 years of age I have little interest in articles dealing with men who spank.

I am pleased to see that each of these 2 magazines seems to employ its own models. On the whole I think this is a good thing although I would certainly like to see the truant daughter's mother soundly spanking a teenage boy across her lap, with his bottom bare.

In my opinion your magazine has been improving all the time. Issue No. 4 photo fantasy are concerning Amanda's caning from Miss Milton was extremely well written and realistic. Even though the girl was only receiving 6 of the best the story vividly emphasised the sheer pain that a cane can cause. Mrs. S. Milton broke the girl completely. The photos were good and for the most part went according to the story. I liked those on pages 6, 10, 11, 25 to 29 and 59. Both the models fitted the bill well.

Please keep up the good work.

John, W.3.

P.S. (1) Sorry, I think it would take too much space to commend you on all the good things in your magazines!
*(2) How about a sequel to this story with the gardener getting a cold shower and the strap from the games mistress whilst Carol finds herself across the matrons lap for a really sound spanking?

Dear Sir

It's nice to know that you buy both our magazines, we often wonder if our customers are just Martinet purchasers and Obey purchasers.

We would like to do sequels to stories but it is very difficult to get the same models back, as they do travel around from country to country.

Thank you for all the nice comments about Martinet, and I quote you, 'Keep up the good work'. —Ed.

Please Write Again!

Dear Sir

I am sorry that Mr. A. N. H. Pollen will not now be visiting Mrs. J. Percival as I would have like to have known his views on her household.

I hope that Mrs. Percival will not think that I have got a cheek, but I wondered if I might offer my services as an observer at her home and then perhaps report back to you. I am a widow aged 36 and for the time being I have got a fair bit of time on my hands. My being female might perhaps solve the difficulty and I should be quite happy to share a room with her or, for that matter, with her girls.

I know very little about young women getting their bottoms caned and report on it with a very open mind, but I confess I am fascinated at the thought of it.

Sally Edwards

Please write again Mrs. P. and Ed. will try and Fix it.

More Congrats!

Dear Editor

Congratulations on the standard of your models in *Martinet* Vol. 1, No. 5, particularly the young lady on the cover whose bottom is the most spankable I have seen. However, your stories are rather naive, and I think perhaps you might give more to adult activities.

The very fact that I write to you will indicate my interest in C.P. but, because of ill treatment as a boy at an elementary school in the early 1930's, I have always been against C.P. for children. So you will realise that I have so to speak, worn two hats regarding this subject. The last few years though have caused a real change in my outlook. Bad behaviour in schools, serious violence, extortion and thieving has become so serious that I now genuinely believe that corporal punishment should be re-introduced in schools. Concentration should be on children up to the age of sixteen. If I were charged with the task of re-introducing corporal punishment I would adopt the following principles and procedures:—

1. Boys and girls to be treated similarly (equality of the sexes).
2. *Instruments related to culprits age:*
(a) *Strap* — from 11 to 14 years. A stiff strap of leather, three inches wide with a 12" blade attached to handle. Edges of the strap to be carefully rounded and smoothed. Split straps should not be used, as otherwise heavy weals will be raised, possibly leading to breaking the skin.
(b) *Cane:* From 14 years up. Flexible, smooth, middleweight about two foot long.
3. *Application:* hands versus bottom. Strapping or caning across the hands can lead to serious damage to finger joints or wrists. The only safe area remaining is the bottom! The final question then is, covered or bared? If caning across the hands, no one would dream of allowing even the thinnest of gloves. Therefore, the bottom must be bared!
4. *Removal of clothing and administration:* Whatever may be said it is hypercritical to deny that orders to remove clothing, for boys and girls, is a preliminary to beating, do not involve sexual emotions in culprit or administrator. Therefor, I am against total removal of knickers or underpants. But, the buttocks must be sufficiently uncovered to

examine the surface to ensure that there are no pimples or broken skin. It is also easier to avoid over or under caning and also, as less force is required, the application is under greater control, thus allowing the desired effect of a properly marked and sore 'sit-me-down'! I would adopt the following procedures:
(a) *Girls:* Order them to retire behind a screen to remove girdles and tights etc.; then to draw up knickers tightly and to tuck them up to obtain maximum exposure. They should then be ordered to raise their skirt to armpit heights, bend low over a suitable table and grasp the far edge, then to place the feet as far apart as possible. This last instruction would be to ensure that the buttock muscles and skin were evenly tensioned.
Light Punishment: Four moderate strokes with strap or cane, well spread out over the surface of the bottom.
Severe punishment: Six hard strokes. If employing the cane, the last, and salutory stroke, applied evenly along the line where buttock meets thighs—a particularly sensitive zone.
(b) *Boys:* There is no alternative, and complete removal of trousers should be ordered. Underpants may then be tucked up in similar manner to the girls.
Light Punishment: As for girls
Severe Punishment: Nine strokes, six evenly over the bottom, final three across upper thighs.
For either sex, jumping up during punishment would lead to extra strokes. However, I would permit culprits to kick up their feet, providing the correct position was resumed quickly.
5. *Who should administer C.P?* A thorny question! As a general rule administrators should be as young as possible. Girls should only be punished by a woman. In the case of boys, in the event of a man not being available, then boys up to thirteen might be punished by a more mature lady. Quite apart from sexual overtones punishment by the opposite sex could lead to later problems of domination, and even hatred of the opposite sex.

In general, punishment should be given in private, the only other person present being a senior teacher who would ensure that the beating was reasonable and who could, if regrettably necessary, help to hold the culprit in position.
6. *Frequency of punishment:* With the system in operation the need for C.P. would rapidly reduce, but certain children would be regular candidates. I would think a space of three weeks would be reasonable, but if absolutely necessary a minimum of two days would be tolerable providing that heavy weals were not present. Well dispersed bruising could be ignored, because after all the bottom is in all ways a resilient portion of the anatomy.

Finally, punishment should be expeditious, allowing say five seconds between each stroke. After preparing, the culprit should not be kept waiting in the bent over position for any longer than necessary.

Under no circumstances should the culprits' bottom be touched or stroked, before or after punishment. Close contact should be avoided, that is why I do not agree with over-the-lap hand spanking at any age.

Always give instructions to prepare for punishment in a firm, clear but quiet voice.

Do not punish in extreme anger or emotion, either postpone or even let the offender off with a very severe warning.

C.P. Convert

Well Sir,

It seems you have said it all (and you being such an expert on the subject) I can only say 'Let's hear other points of view on C.P.'—Ed.

1930's

Dear Sirs

Many years ago my Aunt Nora used to punish me when I stayed with her. I'm talking now of the 1930's as I am 53! She was a big woman with straight black hair and horn rimmed glasses — like an old fashioned school-marm. Actually she was quite a kindly person but disobedience she would not tolerate. I had to go and wait in my room. Imagine a 12 year old boy waiting with his trousers and his underpants down for his aunt to come and tan him. Often it was half an hour before she came and I was in agony. Aunt Nora used a leather razor strap — short, brown and very stingy!

'Bend over the Bed. boy!' — 'Quite still'. My shirt was pushed back, my bottom naked and very tender ready for her expert attention. The smack of the leather sounded loud in the little room. Six, seven, eight stingers. Aunt Nora was an expert and between stingers she would advise me to obey in future, think before I acted — think, always think. When the leathering was over and I lay sobbing she would pat my smarting bottom and tell me to be a good boy in future. Those were the days.

Good luck to a fine sensible, yet exciting magazine.

H.W.B.

'Gosh! did you really have an Aunt Nora.'

French Views

Dear Friends

I'm just coming back from London where I found your magazine. I'm a French woman and I ask you to excuse me my bad english language but I wish you accept to publish my letter even if you must correcting some mistake.

In France spankings are less used than in England by the parents. Eighty per cent spank their children until ten years. But only a few of parents (perhaps twenty per cent) spank children when they are older. I'm fully agree with corporal punishment for girls until seventeen years but also for boys — I have a son 16 years old and a daughter 14 years old. They are spanked on their bare bottom when they don't obey to me or to my husband. ! like to say the things only one time. I think it's necessary to pull down their pants because the lesson will be more profitable. If I want to give a severe punishment I must use an humiliation to the naughty child. For me the best humiliation is to apply the corporal punishment on bare buttocks with one or two witnesses. Personally, I beat my son or my daughter when his sister or her brother can to see the punishment. But the guilty child is not completely nude. Only the pants (and the trousers of the boy) are pulled down on the knees. But this method is good for dissuading other child. I personally apply the corporal punishment by hand or by french whip.

More and more parents decline their educator's task but youngsters will want to thank them later. We wanted with my husband send our children in English family to learn English. But we are afraid to stay them in a bad family which don't apply a strict discipline.

I ask to the readers of your magazine to write us if they want accepting our children like paying guests and of course use with them spankings on their nude buttocks — I hope these just contacts with many English parents will be followed by many exchange of our experience.

You will be permitted publishing my name and my address. I don't blush for my ideas and I wish to receive many letters.

Sincelely yours,
Mrs. Luzi,
France.

Dear Mrs. Luzi,

It is rare to find someone who wants their name and address published, but we feel that it would not be a good thing to do so, as this would enable people to call on you as well as to write, you may not have thought of this and it could be embarrassing. Also I feel that where the use of C.P. on children is concerned it should only be administered by the childs parent, legal guardian or school teacher and never by anyone else. I know there may be a few exceptions, but as a general rule this should be strictly ad-... hered to, so please think carefully before sending your children to England. Best Regards. The Editor.

"A Well-Striped, Hot, Sore Bottom"

Dear Sir

It interested me to see that my letter about caning my daughters resulted in two letters being published in No. 5. Mrs. Jones may like to know that since reading her letter and the article 'Truant Daughter' I have altered my opinion about ceasing to cane my eldest daughter Joan, being now inclined to think that girls of 14 to 16 who misbehave should be caned if necessary to keep them in hand as you agree in your comments.

Having moved to another district recently my daughters have made new friends, but in Joan's case it is far from satisfactory, having started to come home at a very late hour. Not having said anything to her about discontinuing to use the cane, I warned her that she would get the cane if she persisted in defying me.

A fortnight ago Joan again disobeyed. Expecting this I had bought a new cane to replace one which was beginning to fray at the end, one which was longer and more supple to increase effectiveness. When Joan came bouncing in, ready of course to make excuses, she saw the new cane lying on the table waiting for her, so she knew at once she was going to get what for. I told her to go upstairs and undress, and I followed her with the cane.

When I saw Joan's bottom, ready for the cane, I hesitated for a moment but then made up my mind that she must be caned in the manner I had intended when I bought the new cane. When the cane cut across her bottom Joan gave out a little yell, obviously finding that the stroke I had just given her was much smarter than usual, and by the time she had received six strokes she had what Mrs. Jones says of Angela — 'a well-striped, hot, sore bottom'.

I don't know yet whether Joan has learned her lesson. So far she hasn't disobeyed again, but at least she knows now that if she does she will get the same treatment.

Referring to my own experience of being caned on my bare bottom, at school, you are correct in saying that having to take down the knickers is an addition to the punishment itself, for this was borne out in my case. When I was told by my headmistress to lower my knickers and bend over her desk, I became very much aware as I felt her lift my dress in readiness that she could see my naked bottom while she would be caning it, and I became even more aware of this as I pulled my knickers up again over my smarting bottom, blushing to think that my headmistress and also my teacher who had conducted me to her room to be caned for my misbehaviour in class, knew the state my bottom was in, the teacher more so as I could see her looking at me at times during the rest of the afternoon as I sat smarting and wriggling in class. However, I cannot say that I felt any bitterness towards either my headmistress or my teacher as I suppose my misconduct deserved the punishment I got.

Finally, I can assure 'Retired Schoolmistress' who seemed surprised that I wet my knickers when being caned on my hands, that any caning at my school was a smart affair. When one was sent to the headmistress to be caned, one came back to the class with palms and fingers of both hands smarting and tingling something awful. I suppose that expectation and then feeling the hot stinging strokes of the cane had a lot to do with making me pee, not a lot I admit but enough to make me feel wet.. I was sent to the headmistress several times and on every occasion I knew I had been caned smartly when I returned from her room. I knew of other girls who reacted like I did at school.

Yours sincerely,
Vera.

Dear Vera

Thank you for your second letter. I am glad you found some of the comments from other readers to be useful, although from what you say I doubt if Joan is too pleased with your change of mind.

Let's hope, however, that having received 'a well striped, hot, sore bottom', she will have learned her lesson and the new cane will not need to be used again.

If it is, I'm sure you will let us know, and also keep us informed of how Joan's behaviour has changed now she knows you have a new cane ready and waiting!

We hope that you have enjoyed this issue of Martinet. In order to assess readers' reactions we would be pleased to receive letters from you, especially those giving your views, opinions and attitudes to chastisement and corporal punishment between normal heterosexual lovers and married couples.

With assistance from you, Martinet can become the leading, authentic magazine in a highly specialised field.

We neither condone or condemn chastisement between mature men and women, but prefer to keep an open mind on the subject. Such a policy helps the staff of MARTINET to present a truthful and educational picture of the strange but harmless urge to spank and be spanked in the context of straight-forward normal heterosexual love-making.

We must point out, however, that we do not encourage out-and-out sadism, or the abject domination of those under compulsive masochistic impulses.

The art of spanking is, in actual fact, a fun thing. It is in this light that we will be presenting in the pages of this publication — both in literary and photographic form.

Editor

ARTICLES
INTERVIEWS
PHOTOGRAPHS
READERS LETTERS
FACT AND FICTION

Martinet is the only magazine in its field to photograph and present in print accurate reproductions of our readers' fantasies. Send accounts to the address on the contents page.